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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges of the last and present Century. By WILLIAM C. TOWNSEND, Esq. M.A. Recorder of Macclesfield. In 2 vols. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

THE life of a successful advocate must always afford material for an amusing biography. He cannot be a retired man, hard to be understood, for want of opportunities for observation; he cannot be a dull man, or he could never have obtained his position. His occupation throws him into the very heart of the business of life; he has little time for studious reflection; prompt decision and energetic action are the qualities looked for by his clients; he obtains an almost instinctive knowledge of character, he learns at least the surface movements of the human mind; occasions for exhibiting whatever stuff he has in him offer themselves to him beyond the member of any other profession; he lives in the public eye; his sayings and doings are noted; his wit is treasured; his very nonsense finds an echo—that is when he has achieved greatness—while he is seeking it he may be the wittiest and the wisest of his circle, yet will he receive only discouragement and detraction.

The taste for legal literature, created by the recent publications of "The Life of Lord Eldon," and "The Lives of the Chancellors," has, doubtless, tempted Mr. TOWNSEND to collect from the *Law Magazine* certain memoirs of the most eminent of our judges, which he had contributed to that periodical, and, with some corrections, to give them to the general public in a more accessible form; and to complete the set he has added two or three which here make their first appearance in print.

Mr. TOWNSEND is evidently an assiduous collector of gossip. He loves "a good thing," and does not care much to whom it is attributed, seeing that all we care about is the saying, and not the author. Whatever his note book, or memory of friends, could supply in the way of anecdote, has been gathered with most commendable diligence, and put together with sufficient joiner's skill to make a very readable and amusing work. But it is futile more. Mr. TOWNSEND is not a deep thinker; he has no skill to analyze character; he cannot draw portraits with pen and ink; his production is not so much biography as memoir—it wants the completeness of the former; it has a great deal of the magazine style of the latter.

The lives of a dozen judges are despatched in these

volumes, and they appear to have been selected without any special design. All but three flourished in the reign of GEORGE the Third. We cannot within our limits attempt to abstract so many memoirs, themselves abstracts, nor follow Mr. TOWNSEND through his pages in their order. We prefer to snatch here and there the anecdotes and traits of character that have most pleased us on perusal, and which will best endure severance from their contexts. We can in this manner promise our friends a few columns of very pleasant reading.

Of Mr. Justice BULLER, who, from his merciless severity, obtained the name of "the hanging judge," especially after the conviction of Captain DONELLAN, for poisoning Sir T. Broughton, which he almost wrang from the jury, we are told—

The prisoner was executed on the Monday following, denying his guilt. We may totally dissent from the opinion of those who believe in his innocence, and accuse Mr. Justice Buller as the shedder of innocent blood; we may feel assured that there never was a case brought into a court of justice in which so many circumstantial facts were elicited, all tending to an irresistible conclusion of guilt; and yet be by no means surprised at the sympathy which the fate of even this atrocious criminal excited. Englishmen love fair play, and their honest prejudices were aroused on learning that the chief witness for the prosecution had been privately examined; that a sort of private rehearsal had taken place; that an eminent counsel was to be brought down special to ensure a conviction; and that the judge openly avowed his certainty of the prisoner's guilt. They believed that a reasonable chance of escape was not afforded to the culprit; that the humane wish, God send you a good deliverance, was withheld from him; and their sympathies, however abhorrent of his crime, closed freely around the doomed criminal. The severe lines of Savage upon a really merciless judge, Mr. Justice Page, no less inferior to Buller as a lawyer than as a gentleman or man of humanity, were applied to his conduct:—

But how 'scape prisoners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all shall stand condemn'd who stand arraign'd,
Dire guilt, which else would detestation cause,
Prejudged with insult, wondrous pity draws;
But 'scapes e'en innocence his harsh harangue?
Alas! e'en innocence itself must hang.

The medical question is fought *en oïdo pluriquam theologic* even to the present day. The circumstances of this trial tended to confirm the general impression of Buller's rigorous severity which two rash sayings of his had previously created. The first of these dicta was, that previous good character went rather in aggravation than in mitigation of punishment; for the longer a prisoner might have lived in the good estimation of his neighbours, the more guilt there was in losing it—a paradox certainly very alien from the mild spirit of a Christian judge. The other unguarded saying, which escaped

from him unpremeditatedly, excited general animadversion; namely, that a husband had a right to chastise his wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb. The subject offered too fair an opportunity to the caricaturists not to be eagerly grasped at. His portrait as Judge Thumb speedily adorned the print-shops, and the women enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of this ungallant champion of club-law. A similar ungallant doctrine had been mooted in the preceding century by a Dr. Marmaduke Coghill, judge of the Prerogative Court for Ireland, and with still more detriment to himself. Having been called upon to decide the grounds of a divorce sued for by a wife against her husband, who had given her a good beating, the venerable civilian delivered a solemn opinion that with such a switch as the one he held in his hand, moderate chastisement was within the husband's matrimonial privilege. This legal maxim occasioned so much offence or alarm to the lady to whom the doctor had been for some time paying his addresses with a fair prospect of success, that she peremptorily dismissed the assessor of so ungallant a doctrine. Dr. Coghill, as may be guessed from his opinions, died unmarried. "The civil law," says the more courtly Blackstone, "allowed the husband, for some misdemeanours, *flagellis et fustibus acriter verberare uxorem*, with whips and clubs sharply to strike a wife; but with us, in the politer reign of Charles the Second, this power of correction began to be doubted," and may be now positively denied. The sly remark of the commentator is still too true, that the lower rank of people, who were always fond of the old common law, claim and exert their ancient privilege. While the light shafts of satire glanced innocently by, a more ponderous missile was hurled at the judge's unforgiving temper, by the redoubtable hands of Dr. Parr. That humane pedant having rushed with horror from the butcher's shambles at Warwick, as he termed the courts of justice there, hastened to launch the following diatribe; and however difficult to recognise the portraits, classical curiosities they certainly are. "With learning, taste and genius, that adorned the head but improved not the heart, one of them was a sober, subtle, inexorable interpreter and enforcer of sanguinary statutes. With a ready memory, keen penetration, barren fancy, vulgar manners, and infuriate passions, the other carried about him an air sometimes of wanton despatch, and sometimes of savage exultation, when he immolated hecatombs at the altar of public justice. Armed with giant strength, and accustomed to use it like a giant, these protectors of our laws transferred to acts of thievery that severity which the courts of Arcopagus employed only against cut-throats. If an altar of Pity, like that of Athens, had been placed in the avenue to our English courts, the steps of Cynopes would not have been turned aside to the right or to the left. His eye would have darted on the emblems of the altar with a glare of fierce disdain; he would negligently have swept the base of it with the skirts of his robe. My hope is, that the mercy which they showed not to others in this world may, in another world, be shewn to them." *did not come to the same conclusion*

Circumstances delayed the publication of this extraordinary morceau till after the death of Cynopes, as Buller is there termed; had he seen it in his lifetime, we are satisfied, so pleasurable was his nature, that he would have been the first to shake hands with Doctor Parr, and assure him that the monster he had drawn was one entirely of his own invention. The rigour with which he awarded the punishment of death must be imputed to the age, and not to the individual. He appears to have been less severe than several of his colleagues—Mr. Justice Heath, for instance, who, several years after, left a man of infamous character for execution, under a particular statute, for cutting down a grove of sixty or seventy young trees. Death appears to have been the dread penalty for offences against property, and the calendar of larceny to have been marked with characters of blood. Our age is better than the last in some particulars; in none more than in the spirit of humanity which it has infused into the criminal code. We think and speak of executions in a manner and spirit totally different from our fathers; and our complaint against the judges of the last age is, that they did not, by a merciful administration of harsh statutes, anticipate the coming generation. The popular notion of his severity was brought home to the judge in an amusing manner. Early one morning Sir Francis Buller had gone wrapt up in a great coat to a horse-

dealer's, to bargain for a horse he had fancied. It was trotted out, and went tenderly on the off foot; a defect, as jockeys well know, best detected at first starting. The keen judge called out to the dealer to come back; the animal would not do. "Why you are as bad as old Buller," retorted the jockey gruffly; "you condemn him before trying him." But however inexorable after verdict, Mr. Justice Buller held the scales of justice equal between the crown and the prisoner during the trial. It used to be said of him by those who, from their situation in life, were most likely to form a true judgment of that part of his character, that no person, if guilty, would choose to be tried by him; but that every one, if innocent, would prefer him for his judge; than which, surely, no language can describe more emphatically the general opinion of his great discernment and impartiality.

We now throw together a number of anecdotes of

LORD KENYON.

In sanctity of deportment, unspotted integrity, elaborate diligence, and legal erudition, Lord Kenyon may not shrink from comparison with another and greater judge, whose portrait at full length had the place of honour in his dining-room at Gredington, the ever memorable Sir Matthew Hale. Like that devout chief justice, he never missed attending church for twenty-six years; equally with that upright, unswerving lawyer, who owed no man fear or favour, Lord Kenyon was no respecter of persons, and acted on the principle that a gift perverteth the ways of judgment. Like his painstaking predecessor, who made the King's Bench an academy for students, he took pride and pleasure in explaining maxims of law from the seat of justice. Even in their foibles each resembled the other. The sight of students in long periwigs, or attorneys with swords, could not have appeared more offensive to Hale than did all fopperies or fashion of attire in the eyes of Kenyon; nor, when the first received a letter from Baxter, for dressing himself too meanly, did he better deserve reproof than his worthy successor. Each was too ascetic in his habits, and over studious of thrift. To each might be applied Wordsworth's apostrophe to a heavy shower of rain:—

Yet be it always understood, ye heavens, that
Your's not so pleasant as you're good.

Each was *vir frugi* in the sense of the ancient Romans, who made parsimony and probity so inseparable, that the phrase signified a sober and managing man, an honest man, and a man of substance; each was *servantivivus equi*. Of Lord Kenyon's frugal and almost primitive style of living a curious trait has been recorded. A gentleman who had sold to that learned lord his house at the Marsh-gate, near Richmond, and where he was wont to pass his Sundays in Term, wished to look at his old residence, and was readily admitted by the housekeeper. On the table of the sitting-room he saw some books—the Bible, Epictetus, and the Whole Duty of Man. "They come down here on a Saturday," said the old woman, "and bring a shoulder or leg of mutton with them, which serves for the Sunday dinner." This proof of abstemiousness in the Chief Justice may vie with the story of Andrew Marvel and his cold dinner of yesterday furnishing the day's meal.

The long vacations of the learned lord *solicite solatia vite* were usually spent at Gredington, in Flintshire, where he had built a handsome residence, among the friends and scenes of his youth. He was town-bred, and had no relish for field sports, but dabbled a little in farming, took an interest in turnpike meetings and justice business, and gained the esteem of his neighbours by volunteering to decide their legal doubts and difficulties. No part of North Wales is unprofane in law-suits; and the worthy judge would take a sly pleasure in extinguishing litigation in embryo, and committing the cruel act (such even housewives would deem it) of crushing an attorney in the shell. The honest Welshman had, it is true, a proper contempt for cheap law; but the judgment of a chief justice, clothed in ermine, won their high regard, and many were the heart-burnings, feuds, and jealousies which he appeased by his eminent arbitration. Of his anxiety not to damage professional reputation, we have heard an amusing instance. A case on some first principle of law, whether the half-blood could inherit in preference to kin next in degree, had been submitted to a provincial counsel at Chester (the city is more fortunate now in its legal advisers) who pronounced

peremptorily in favour of the claim. Mr. Serjeant Hill gave a short but emphatic opinion to the contrary. Lord Kenyon was referred to in this conflict of authorities: "Mr. M——" (naming the country gentleman) "is no doubt a good common lawyer, and in common sense there is great force in what he says, but, without discussing his reasons, I must say brother Hill is right in point of law." Had he caught any unfortunate tyro committing a blunder equally grievous in his own proper domain within the confines of Westminster Hall, he would have shewn the novice little mercy; but it did not accord with his notions of rigid justice to disparage a professional man's reputation, and effectually diminish his practice, when not brought regularly to his cognizance. We have seen that he was severe to the profession. Instances of kindness are, however, scattered here and there—little acts of good nature, and right feeling, which form an agreeable relief to the general harshness that pervaded his deportment. The author of that amusing book, the "Clubs of London," gives a specimen of Lord Kenyon in his better mood:—

"An old coach came rumbling along, and overtook me on the road to London from Richmond. It was one of those vehicles that reminded me of a duke or marquis under the old régime of France, rivaling in indigence and want the faded finery of his wardrobe. Its coronet was scarcely discoverable, and its gildings were mouldy; yet it seemed tenacious of what little remained of its dignity, and unwilling to subside into a mere hackney coach. I believe I might have looked rather wistfully at it (I was then a poor barrister, briefless and speechless in the back rows of the court), when I perceived a head, with a red nightcap, suddenly pop out from the window, and heard myself addressed by name, with the offer of a cast to London. It was Lord Kenyon. He made the journey quite delightful by charming anecdotes of the bar in his own time, of Jack Lee, Wallace, Bower, Mingay, Howorth; the last of whom was drowned, he said, on a Sunday water excursion on the Thames. The good old man was evidently affected by the regrets which his name awakened, and they seemed the more poignant because his friend was called to his account in an act of profanation. 'But it was the sin of a good man,' he observed, 'and Sunday was the only day which a lawyer in full business could spare for his recreations.' He defended Erskine against some ill-natured animadversions. Erskine's nonsense would set up half a dozen such men as run him down. 'His private irregularities,' he remarked impatiently, 'are mere spots in the sun.' Dark spots there latterly were, indeed, but not curiously scanned by the profession, for his joyous spirit had diffused general warmth and life among them, and they would not gaze upon his faults too closely." * * * It seems strange that trifling acts of kindness, such as these we have noticed, should be in general so rare, for they are remembered with such lively pleasure, and performed at how small a cost! Dr. Dibdin has recorded his gratitude for a slight mark of attention which Lord Kenyon paid him when a student, but which swelled into a favour when the awful distance between the Chief Justice and the law apprentice is considered:—"It was usually my good fortune," says the reverend bibliographer, (being very regular in my attendance), to obtain a standing place just above Erskine and Mingay, who, after a short time, seemed to recognize and to nod to me. The Chief Justice sat close by. One day, on retiring, he accosted me, and said, 'Well, young gentleman, when do you intend to become one of us?' I replied unhesitatingly, but respectfully, 'I should like it very much.' 'Try then!' was the immediate rejoinder. He did try, in pursuance of this encouraging invitation, but those dangerous Circes—rare and costly books—allured him from his troth to the law, and he chose another helpmate.

To a more humble class in the profession—attorney's clerks—Lord Kenyon often shewed forbearance and kindly feeling. He had been a clerk himself, and would venture to play with the cubs before their claws were grown. Soon after his appointment as Master of the Rolls, he was listening attentively to a young clerk, on whom the duty had fallen of reading to him the conveyance of an estate, and who on coming to the word "enough" pronounced it "enow." His Honour immediately interrupted him: "Enough, according to the vernacular idiom, is pronounced enuff, and so must all English words, which end in ough; as tough, rough, cough." The clerk bowed, blushed, and went on reading for some time,

when (to the danger of a too comprehensive rule) coming to the word plough, he, with a raised voice and a penetrating glance at his Honour, called it "pluff." The great lawyer stroked his chin, and with a smile candidly said, "Young man, I sit corrected." Nor was the front of his town mansion in Lincoln's-inn-Fields, afterwards tenanted by Lord Erskine, more inviting. It was the large and lofty house which was lately the Verulam Club House. The windows were of an unusual shape, and the light struggled through the dusty panes with difficulty. That, and the unusual height of the house, added to the gloom which enveloped its appearance, recalled Pope's description:—

Like some lone Chartreux stood the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall.

A hatchment was put upon this edifice after Lord Kenyon's death, with the motto, "Mors janua vite," the last letter written by a mistake of the painter. This was pointed out by Jekyll to his successor, and by no means good friend, Lord Ellenborough. "Mistake," said his lordship, "it is no mistake! He left particular directions in his will that the estate should not be burdened with the expense of a diphthong!" The personal appearance of Lord Kenyon, as he issued forth from this congenial mansion, seemed to justify the severe comment of his injured and sarcastic successor. We may cite the description given by Mr. Espinasse with the more confidence, since his testimony, though it be that of a very unfriendly witness, has met with abundant confirmation. If not poetical himself, Lord Kenyon seems to have been the cause of much poetry in others. "On entering Guildhall, Pope's lines in the Dunciad on Settle, the poet, came across me, and I quoted them involuntarily:—

Known by the band and suit which Settle wore,
His only suit for twice three years and more.

Erskine would declare that he remembered the green coat of this modern Lord Mornington for at least a dozen years." This Lord Mornington, we read, was a Scotch peer, but not one of those who sat in parliament. Being arrested, he moved the Court of Common Pleas to be discharged, as being entitled by the act of Union to all the privileges of a peer of Great Britain, except a seat in Parliament, and prayed an attachment against the bailiff; on which a rule was granted to shew cause, and thereupon the bailiff made an affidavit that, when he arrested the said lord, he was so mean in his apparel, as having a worn-out suit of clothes and a dirty shirt on, and but sixpence in his pocket, he could not suppose him to be a peer of Great Britain; and, therefore, through inadvertency arrested him. The Court discharged the lord, and made the bailiff ask pardon. "Erskine did not exaggerate the claims of the coat to antiquity. When I last saw the learned lord he had been chief justice for nearly fourteen years, and his coat seemed coeval with his appointment to the office. It must have been originally black, but time had mellowed it down to the appearance of a sober green, which was what Erskine meant by his allusion to its colour. I have seen him sit at Guildhall in the month of July in a pair of black leather breeches; and the exhibition of shoes frequently soled afforded equal proof of the attention which he paid to economy in every article of his dress." To these unfortunate shoes Dr. Dibdin bears a similar testimony. "Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfilment of a contract on a large scale for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not they were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called. One of them, a first-rate character in the gentle craft, being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers, when the chief justice observed, pointing to his own shoes, which were regularly bestridden by the broad silver buckle of the day, 'Were the shoes any thing like these?' 'No, my lord,' replied the evidence, 'they were a good deal better and more genteel.' The Court was convulsed with laughter, in which the chief justice heartily joined." "But we should not have his dress complete," says another observer, "were we to omit the black velvet smalls, worn for many years, and thread-bare by constant friction, which he used to rub with most painful assiduity when catechising a witness. For he was not more refined than Sir Fletcher Norton, who, when pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial rights, chanced, unfortunately, to say, 'My lord, I can illustrate the point by an instance in

my own person; I myself have two little mahors. The judge immediately interposed with one of his blindest smiles, "We all know it, Sir, Fletcher," said I, "and you want to say—"

Here is a scrap of
Jekyll, or, Kenyon.

A brother lawyer having mentioned to Jekyll that he once went down into Lord Kenyon's kitchen, and saw the spits as bright and amused as when they came from the maker;—"Why do you mention his spit?" said Jekyll, "when you know nothing turns upon that!" Upon another occasion the same punning satirist, with reference both to his petulance and pugnaciousness, said, "It is lent all the year round in his kitchen, and Passion-week in his parlour." The appearance of his town and country residence, lonely and dark, was commented upon as too characteristic to bring the truth of this conjecture into question. The house at the Marsh Gate, half a mile on this side Richmond, exhibited, and still exhibits, a perfect specimen of a domestic economist's abode, flanked by a muddy duck-pond, with moldering walls, and a woful obnoxious sidewalk. (To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

On the Antidotal Treatment of the Epidemic Cholera. By JOHN PARKIN, M.D. &c. London, 1846. Allen. The rumour of approaching or present cholera has called in the field Dr. PARKIN, who, to a former treatise on the subject, has appended the results of subsequent experience. Dr. PARKIN asserts that, if taken in the early stage, the remedies he proposes would cure ninety-nine out of every hundred, but that for the stage of collapse there is no cure. As it is right that every person should understand the symptoms of this disease, so as to procure timely aid, we copy the graphic description of them given by Dr. PARKIN.

The premonitory, or preliminary diarrhoea, so common and general a precursor of the other periods, forms, with me, the first stage of this disease. Again, that peculiar affection of the stomach, characterised by malaise, giddiness, faintness, nausea, and vomiting of the contents of this organ—which sometimes precedes the diarrhoea, but more generally follows it, and ushers in the next stage, and which forms, in those cases wherein the preliminary diarrhoea is wanting, the first link in the chain of morbid symptoms—I have also placed in the same division, and designate, as the second stage of the disease, that period of the attack when a fluid resembling congee, rice or barley-water, is thrown up from the stomach, or evacuated from the bowels. Spasm may, or may not, be present at the same time, but the pulse is little, if at all, affected. The state of collapse constitutes the third, and, in certain localities, as India, the last stage of the disease; while in others, as cold climates, another stage is superadded, characterised by symptoms the reverse of the former—being a state of excitement, or fever—and hence termed the consecutive fever. This, therefore, when it occurs, forms the fourth and last stage of the disease. This is the order which is observed under ordinary circumstances; but, in other instances, cholera, like the majority of diseases, has presented a great and striking variation—not so much in individual cases, however, as in particular places or particular visitations. Thus when the disease appears epidemically in a town, or district, or in the camp of an army, it may on one occasion, observes the writer of the Madras Report, be distinguished throughout by the absence of vomiting, and the prevalence of purging; on another occasion, by the excess of vomiting, and though more rarely, by the absence of purging. Spasm may be generally present in one instance, of invasion; in another, it may not be distinguishable. A frequent variety, the worst of all, is that which is noted for the very slight commotion in the system; in which there is no vomiting, hardly any purging; perhaps only one or two loose stools; no perceptible spasm; no pain of any kind; a mortal coldness, with arrest of the circulation, comes on from the beginning, and the patient dies without a struggle.

The cause he considers to be a poison in the air, which acts directly upon the ganglionic system of nerves.

His antidote to the poison, and specific for the disease, is carbon, administered in the forms of carbonic acid gas and pure charcoal.

VOTAGES AND TRAVELS.

Letters from Madras during the Years 1836-1839. By a Lady. 8vo. London, 1846. John Murray.

HAVING had, prior to the issue of these *Letters from Madras*, at least two works descriptive of India, one of China, one of Persia, one of Morocco, and one of Egypt, in the "Home and Colonial Library," of which the volume before us forms a part, we were, at first sight of this volume, disposed to object that in his selection of subjects for this series Mr. MURRAY draws too largely from the East, and to recommend him in future to give greater variety to the undertaking by a freer resort to useful biographies, brief and popular histories, and works of imagination, than he has hitherto done.

A cursory glance, however, into this work, not only sufficed to disarm objection to its admission into this series, but made us welcome it as a brightly coloured and most entertaining book, which, but for the facility for publication here offered, might not have found its way to the public.

The prevailing charms of the writings of ladies—those of felicitous description, liveliness, and playful fancy,—arise partly from the female temperament which eschews deep thought and laborious pursuits, and partly from the conventional ordinances of society which exclude the sex almost entirely from participation in the serious business of life, and the consideration of those momentous questions affecting national destiny and moral progress which occupy the ruder and stronger of mankind. Quick in perception, fluent in style, and graphic in description, the remarks of ladies upon the countries they visit are nearly as vivid and refreshing to the untravelled reader, as the scenes themselves would be if he passed through them. And this is emphatically the praise of the book before us. The fair authoress, though she preserves her *incognito*, has just reason to be proud of her book. She went out to India shortly after marriage in 1836; and it would seem, from internal evidence of the work, that her husband was a collector of revenue, or a civil officer of another kind, in the service of the Honourable Company. The letters do not appear to have been intended for the public eye; they were addressed to members of the writer's family, and (as we may suppose of a lady possessing an active mind, and living in a land of voluptuous laziness, to whom writing furnishes agreeable employment), detail with remarkable minuteness all the occurrences and peculiarities of her Indian experience. The style in which these are narrated is familiar as the colloquial—a not unwelcome feature in a work making no large pretensions, and one that bears out the impression that these letters were not intended for the public, and therefore contain no sacrifices of truth in the shape of exaggeration and colouring to impart interest to the pictures they display.

The subjoined description of Madras, and the curious contrivances by means of which the heavy surf of the coast is passed in safety, will be read with interest:—

The scene in the Madras Roads is the brightest and liveliest possible. The sea is completely studded with ships and boats of every size and shape, and the boats filled with crews even more quaint and picturesque than themselves. But none can compare to the catamarans, and the wonderful people that manage them. Fancy a raft of only three logs of wood, tied together at each end when they go out to sea, and untied and left to dry on the beach when they come in again. Each catamaran has one, two, or three men to manage it; they sit crouched upon their heels, throwing their paddles about very dexterously, but remarkably unlike rowing. In one of the

early Indian voyagers' log-books there is an entry concerning a catamaran. "This morning, six or seven distinctly two black devils playing at single-stick. We watched these infernal imps above an hour, when they were lost in the distance. Surely this doth portend some great tempest." It is very curious to watch these catamarans putting out to sea. They get through the fiercest surf, sometimes dancing at their ease on the top of the waves, sometimes hidden under the waters; sometimes the man completely washed off his catamaran, and man floating one way and catamaran another, till they seem to catch each other again by magic. They put me in mind of the witch of Fife's voyage in her cockle-shell.

And aye we mount the sea-green hills,
Till we brushed through the clouds of the hevin;
Then aye down right, like the star-shot light,
Frae the liftin' blue casement driven.
But our tairkil stood, and our bark was good,
And aye pang was our nearly prove,
When we could not climb the brow of the waves,
We needit them through below.

I think I shall like Madras very much, and I am greatly amused with all I see and hear. The heat now is not at all oppressive, this being the cool season. The houses are so airy and large, and the air so light, that one does not feel the heat so much as one would in Italy when the temperature is the same. At present the thermometer is at 78 deg., but it feels so much cooler, from the thorough draughts they keep up in every room, that I would not believe it to be more than 70 deg., till I looked with my own eyes. The rooms are as large as chapels, and made up of doors and windows, open day and night. I have seen so many curiosities already, that I do not know which to describe to you first—jugglers, tumblers, snake-charmers, native visitors, &c. &c.; for the last few days we have been in a constant bustle.

An amusing picture of the subdivision of labour, and of the indolence of the Hindoos, is this:—

There is one great convenience in visiting at an Indian house, viz.—every visitor keeps his own establishment of servants, so as to give no trouble to those of the house. The servants provide for themselves in a most curious way. They seem to me to sleep no where, and eat nothing,—that is to say, in our houses, or of our goods. They have mats on the steps, and live upon rice. But they do very little, and every one has his separate work. I have an ayah (or lady's maid), and a tailor (for the ayahs cannot work); and A— has a boy: also two muddles—one to sweep my room, and another to bring water. There is one man to lay the cloth, another to bring in dinner, another to light the candles, and others to wait at table. Every horse has a man and a maid to himself—the maid cuts grass for him; and every dog has a boy. I inquired if the cat had any servants, but I found that she was allowed to wait upon herself; and, as she seemed the only person in the establishment capable of so doing, I respected her accordingly. Besides all these acknowledged and ostensible attendants, each servant has a kind of muddle or double of his own, who does all the work that can be put off upon him, without being found out by the master and mistress. Notwithstanding their numbers, they are dreadfully slow. I often tire myself with doing things for myself rather than wait for their dawdling; but Mrs. Staunton laughs at me, and calls me a "griffin," and says I must learn to have patience, and save my strength. (N.B. Griffin means a freshman or freshwoman in India.) The real Indian ladies lie on a sofa, and, if they drop their handkerchief, they just lower their voices and say, "Boy!" in a very gentle tone, and then creeps in, perhaps, some old wizen, skinny brownie, looking like a superannuated thread-paper, who twiddles after them for a little while, and then creeps out again as softly as a black cat, and sits down cross-legged in the verandah till Mistress please to call again.

There is accuracy and spirit in the following sketch of an Indian dinner, and the guests who partake of it:—

What would grandmamma say to the wastefulness of an Indian dinner? Everybody dines at luncheon, or, as it is here called, tiffin-time, so that there is next to nothing eaten, but about four times as much food put upon the table as would serve for an English party. Geese and turkeys and

joint of mutton for side dishes, and every thing else in proportion. All the fruit in India is not worth one visit to your strawberry-beds. The ingenious French at Pondicherry have contrived to cultivate vines; but the English say nothing will grow, and they remain content to waste their substance and their stomach-aches on spongy shaddocks and sour oranges; unless they send to Pondicherry for grapes; which the French are so obliging as to sell for a rupee a bunch. After dinner the company all sit round in the middle of the great gallery-like rooms, talk in whispers, and scratch their musquito-bites. Sometimes there is a little music, as languid as everything else. Concerning the company themselves, the ladies are all young and wizen, and the gentlemen are all old and wizen. Somebody says France is the paradise of married women, and England of girls; I am sure India is the paradise of middle-aged gentlemen. While they are young, they are thought nothing of—just supposed to be making or marring their fortunes, as the case may be; but at about forty, when they are "high in the service," rather yellow, and somewhat grey, they begin to be taken notice of, and called "young men." These respectable persons do all the flirtation too in a solemn sort of way, while the young ones sit by, looking on, and listening to the elderly gentlefolks discussing their livers instead of their hearts.

After the oppressive heat we have sustained this summer, we feel resigned to even greater endurance after reading this description of the

HEAT OF INDIA.

June 1st.—To-day we have the first specimen I have felt of real Indian heat; hitherto it has been an unusually cool season, but to-day there is a regular land-wind, and plenty of it. I can only compare it to a blast from a furnace, withering one as it passes by. I have a tatt, or thick mat, at my window, which excludes the sun, and men sit outside pouring water on it all day, so that the wind, which is extremely violent, blows always cooled through the water. This keeps the temperature of the room down at 90 deg. but it is dreadfully feverish, and far more distressing than a higher degree of the thermometer with the sea-breeze. Just close under the tatt it is more tolerable, but the old Indians have a notion that it is unwholesome to sit in the damp; so it may be for them, but nothing will make me believe that I, just fresh from Europe, can catch cold with the thermometer at 90 deg.; so I creep as close to the tatt as possible, and sit with my hands in a basin of water besides. This is a heat quite different from any thing you ever felt in Europe, making one quite giddy; but they say it is only as bad as this for about ten days, after which the sea-breeze rises regularly at eleven or twelve o'clock, and restores one to life again. Now, the leaves of the trees are all curled up, and the grass crackles under our feet like snow, the sea is a dead yellow colour, and the air and light a sort of buff, as if the elements had the jaundice; and we are all so cross—creeping about and whining, and then lying down and growling.

The extent of an establishment of a civil servant of the Honourable Company, and particulars of rent-charges and cost of provisions, are detailed in the subjoined lines:—

1837. Rajahmundry, October 3rd.
In your last letter you ask for particulars of living; servants, house-rent, and such-like domestic matters. We have a house unfurnished, and a garden of more than two acres, for which we pay about 60*l.* per annum. Provisions are cheap, but there is great waste, because nothing will keep on account of the heat, and we are obliged to take much larger quantities of meat than we can consume, in order to make it worth the butcher's while to supply us at all. We send for potatoes from Madras, as they will not grow here; other vegetables we have from our own garden, and we keep our own poultry. Servants are expensive altogether, though cheap individually; but we are obliged to have such a number of them that their pay mounts up. We keep fewer than many people, because we wish to be economical. Here is our establishment:—one butler, one dress-boy, one matee, two ayahs, one amah, one cook, one tunicutchy, two gardeners, six bearers, one water-carrier, two horse-keepers, two grass-cutters, one dog-boy, one poultry-man, one washerman, one tailor, one hunter, and one amah's cook—altogether twenty-seven: and this is reck-

oned few; and it is as much as ever they can do to get through their little work in their lazy dawdling way. If anybody comes to dinner, the cook sits down and cries for a cook's maty or helper, and I am obliged to hire one for him. They all find their own food themselves, and the caste people would not touch any of our food; but the maties and under-servants are generally Pariahs, and are very glad to eat up anything they can lay their hands on. The amah is a caste woman, and her whims are the plague of my life; I am obliged to keep a cook on purpose for her, because her food must all be dressed by a person of her own caste; and even then she will sometimes starve all day rather than eat it, if she fancies anybody else has been near it: she has a house built of coconut leaves in the compound, on purpose to cook her food in. I am also obliged to keep a separate nurse for her baby, and see after it regularly myself, because they are so careless about their own children when they are nursing other people's, that she and her husband would let the poor little creature die from neglect; and then curse us as the cause of it. * * * You ask what shops we have. None at all: the butler buys everything in the bazaar or market, and brings in his bill every day. One of the court native writers translates it into English, and very queer articles they concoct together! such as, "one beef of rump for biled;"—"one mutton of line beef for *alamoor esto*," meaning *à-la-mode stew*;"—"mutton for curry pups" (puffs);—"durkey for stups" (stuffing for turkey);—"eggs for saps, snobs, tips, and pups" (chops, snipes, tipsy cake, and puffs);—"mediation (medicine) for ducks;"—and at the end "ghirand totell" (grand total), and "howl balance."

The lordly sway of Europeans, and the servile, timid character of the Hindoos, are contrasted effectively in the following extract.

These natives are a cringing set, and behave to us English as if they were the dirt under our feet; and indeed we give them reason to suppose we consider them as such. Their servility is disagreeable, but the rudeness and contempt with which the English treat them are painful to witness. Civility to servants especially seems a complete characteristic of *griffnages*. One day I said to my ayah (a very elegant lady in white muslin), "Ayah, bring me a glass of toast-and-water, if you please." She crept to the door, and then came back again, looking extremely perplexed, and whined out, "What Mistress tell? I don't know." "I told you to bring me some toast-and-water." "Toast-water I know very well, but mistress tell if you please." "I don't know if you please." I believe the phrase had never before been addressed to her. Every thing seems to be done by means of constantly finding fault; if one lets the people suppose they have given a moment's satisfaction, they begin to reason, "Master tell very good; try a little more than worse; perhaps Master like plenty as well." One day I gave some embroidery to be done by a Moorman recommended by my tailor: the Moorman did not bring his work home in time; I asked Mrs. Staunton what was to be done. "Oh," she said, "of course stop the tailor's pay." "But it is no fault of the poor tailor's." "Oh, never mind that: he is the Moorman's particular friend, and he will go and beat him every day till he brings the work home."

Although descriptions out of number have been given of "snake-charmers" in the East, there is such candour in the confession of one of the tribe as here given, and the scene of extracting the venom is so well told, that we give at length the particulars.

THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

I have been trying to procure some of the cobra capello's poison for Frank to analyse; and also the native antidotes, the principal of which is a small, smooth, very light black stone, which they apply to the bite, and they say that it adheres till it has drawn out all the poison, and then falls off. To-day the snake-charmer brought three fresh caught cobras to give me their poison. He set them up, and made them dance as usual, but did not allow them to strike, as that exhausts the venom. When he had played with them as long as he liked, he shut up two of them in their baskets, and proceeded to catch the third by putting one hand on its tail, and slipping the other very quickly up to the nape of its neck, when he

held it so tight as to force it to open its jaws, and then squeezed the poison into a tea-spoon. It is yellow at first, and turns red in about ten days. Each snake yielded only three drops; so think how powerful it must be! The cobra did not struggle or writhe at all while the man held it, but afterwards it seemed quite changed and subdued: it lost its spiteful look, and could not be made to stand up and strike, even when the man did his utmost to provoke it, but tried to slink quietly away, looking as if it knew it had lost its power, and was ashamed of not being able to do any mischief. I have put the poison into a little bottle, and keep it carefully covered up from the light. I shall send it home by the first opportunity. It will dry up, of course; but Dr. Stewart says it will not lose its virtue, or rather its vice, and that Frank must be careful what tricks he plays with it. The natives make pills of it, and take them for fever: I believe it is a strong narcotic. I know the bite of a cobra throws people into a stupor. General W. told me that one of his servants was bitten, and wanted to lie down and go to sleep, but the General made him run before his horse for several miles till he was quite exhausted. No harm came of the bite; but, as the snake was not caught, it was impossible to be certain whether it actually was a cobra. The natives think their own remedies are much assisted by conjuring. Once, when we were travelling, my bearers stopped, and one of them began to cry and howl and writhe about, saying he was stung by a scorpion in the road, and could not go on. We gave him *cau de luce* to rub the place with, but it did no good. One of the peons then said he could conjure him: so he sat down before him and began muttering, and sawing the air with his hand, making antics like animal magnetism; and in a few minutes the wounded man said he was quite well, put his shoulder under the palanquin pole, and set off with his song again. In your last letter you ask me if the snake charmers have any herb with them. I do not think they have anything but dexterity and presence of mind. They pretend to be conjurers, and play a number of antics, all quite absurd, but which impose upon the people. Their music seems to irritate the snakes and incite them to strike: but the snake charmers know their distance exactly, and jump on one side. They take the snakes with perfect safety, as they know exactly where to seize them in the neck. The snakes grow very tame after a time, and the men extract the poison as fast as it collects. They begin their trade as children, and so they grow up expert and fearless. The man who brought me the poison told me all his proceedings "for a consideration." He said his father was a snake charmer before him, and used to take him out when he was quite a child, and teach him the manner of laying hold of the creatures, making him first practise upon harmless snakes: that there was no secret in it beyond dexterity; but that the people were so afraid of such "bad animals," that they "always tell conjure" when anybody was able to touch them.

A ludicrous and humorous picture of a family of monkeys in a tree, and a dog menacing them, is the following:—

In my tonjon yesterday I passed a large old tree, inhabited by a family of monkeys—father, mother, and children of all ages. Don, A—'s dog, who was with me, was in a perfect fury to get hold of them, sitting upon his hind legs, and whining with agony. The monkeys were in a rage too, but they were very clever. The old father hunted his wife and children up the tree, on to one of the high branches; and when he had seen them safe where they could only peep out and grin, he came down again himself, and stood at the edge of a dancing bough, chattering, grinning, and evidently trying to provoke Don—taking excellent care, however, to keep out of harm's way himself—and sneering, till poor Don was so wild with fury, that I was obliged to have him tied up and led away.

A continuous narrative is not attempted in this book. The extracts above given will convey a pretty accurate notion of the merits of the fair author; and it is due to her to mention that, during her residence in India, she appears to have been unremitting in her endeavours to educate the Hindoos, and improve, as far as she might, their condition.

FICTION.

Ravensnest: or, the Redskins. By the Author of "The Pilot," &c. In 3 vols. London: Bentley.

If a good intent could be accepted as an excuse for imperfect execution, this last effort of the fertile novelist of America would be his most successful production. It has been his design in the form of a fiction to lecture his countrymen upon certain of their faults and follies, illustrating his precepts by examples, and it must be confessed that he executes his self-imposed task with creditable courage and plain speaking.

This is the third of the series commenced under the title of "The Littlepage Manuscripts," and it is, we believe, the latest. None of Mr. COOPER's admirers will be sorry for this. Even his skill is unable to conquer the difficulty which has been hitherto insurmountable, of imparting a sustained interest to a series of romances professing to give the continuous history of the same personages. This was the error of some of his earlier productions; it is not mended now. *Ravensnest* comes upon us like the tedious winding up of a long dull story. Very few avowedly didactic novels are successful: readers don't like to be cheated into the perusal of sermons. It wounds their pride, and they visit the offence upon the author. The regular circulating-library patron will vote the disquisitions in this novel a bore, and the man of business will not read them, because they are mingled with fiction; and so they neither effect their well-intentioned purpose, nor command the admiration of those who come for an exciting story, and care not a rush for politics or ethics. The vice against which Mr. COOPER's denunciations are mainly levelled, is a sort of revolutionary doctrine of recent but rapid growth in the United States, and known by the ominous name of

ANTI-RENTISM.

Anti-rentism did commence on the state of the Rensselaers, and with complaints, of feudal tenures, and of days' works, and fat fowls, backed by the extravagantly aristocratic pretension that a "manor" tenant was so much a privileged being, that it was beneath his dignity, as a free man, to do that which is daily done by mail-coaches, stage-coach owners, victuallers, and even by themselves in their passing bargains, to deliver potatoes, onions, turkeys, and pork, although they had solemnly covenanted with their landlords to pay the fat fowls, and to give the days' works. The feudal system has been found to extend much further, and "troubles," as they are called, have broken out in other parts of the state. Resistance to process, and a cessation of the payment of rents, has occurred on the Livingston property in Hardenberg—in short, in eight or ten counties of the state. "Even among the *bona fide* purchasers on the Holland purchase, this resistance has been organized, and a species of troops raised, who appear disguised and armed wherever a levy is to be made. Several men have already been murdered, and there is a strong probability of a civil war. In the name of what is sacred and right, what has the government of the State been doing all this time?" "In my poor judgment, a great deal that it ought not to have done, and very little that it ought. You know the state of politics at home, Hugh; how important New York is in all national questions, and how nearly tied is her vote—less than ten thousand majority in a canvass of near half a million of votes. When this is the case, the least principled part of the voters attain an undue importance—a truth that has been abundantly illustrated in this question. The natural course would have been to raise an armed constabulary force, and to have kept it in motion, as the anti-renters have kept their 'Injins' in motion, which would have soon tired out the rebels, for rebels they are, who would thus have had to support one army in part, and the other altogether. Such a movement on the part of the State, well and energetically managed, would have drawn half the 'Injins' at once from the ranks of disaffection to those of authority; for all that most of these men want is to live easy, and to have a parade of military movements. Instead of that, the legislature substantially did nothing until

blood was spilt, and the grievance had got to be not only profoundly disgraceful for such a State and such a country, but utterly intolerable to the well-affected of the revolted counties, as well as to those who were kept out of the enjoyment of their property. Then, indeed, it passed the law which ought to have been passed the first year of the 'Injin' system—a law which renders it felony to appear armed and disguised; but Dunning writes me this law is openly disregarded in Delaware and Schoharie, in particular, and that bodies of 'Injins,' in full costume and armed, of a thousand men, have appeared to prevent levies or sales. Where it will end, Heaven knows!" "Do you apprehend any serious civil war?" "It is impossible to say where false principles may lead, when they are permitted to make head and to become widely disseminated in a country like ours. Still, the disturbances, as such, are utterly contemptible, and could and would be put down by an energetic executive in ten days after he had time to collect a force to do it with. In some particulars the present incumbent has behaved perfectly well; while in others, in my judgment, he has inflicted injuries on the right that it will require years to repair, if, indeed, they are ever repaired." "You surprise me, sir; and this the more especially, as I know you are generally of the same way of thinking, on political subjects, with the party that is now in power." "Did you ever know me to support what I conceived to be wrong, Hugh, on account of my political affinities?" asked my uncle, a little reproachfully as to manner. "But let me tell you the harm that I conceive has been done by all the governors who have had any thing to do with the subject; and that includes one of a party to which I am opposed, and two that are not. In the first place, they have all treated the matter as if the tenants had really some cause of complaint; when in truth all their griefs arise from the fact that other men will not let them have their property just as they may want it, and in some respects on their own terms."

But there is one sin which assumes the aspect of virtue in the eyes of Mr. COOPER. He sees manifold faults in his countrymen, and frankly proclaims them, but not one of these does he deem repudiation to be. His pleading on behalf of that act of fraud is curious:—

There have been calculated attempts to bring us into discredit of late, by harping on the failure of certain states to pay the interest on their debts. But all that is easily answered, and more so by you and me as New Yorkers. There is not a nation in Europe that would pay its interest, if those who are taxed to do so had the control of these taxes, and the power to say whether they were to be levied or not. "I do not see how that mends the matter. These countries tell us that such is the effect of your system there, while we are too honest to allow such a system to exist in this part of the world." "Pooh! all gammen, that. They prevent the existence of our system for very different reasons, and they coerce the payment of the interest on their debts that they may borrow more. This business of repudiation, as it is called, however, has been miserably misrepresented; and there is no answering a falsehood by an argument. No American state has repudiated its debt, that I know of, though several have been unable to meet their engagements as they have fallen due." "Unable, uncle Ro?" "Yes, unable—that is the precise word. Take Pennsylvania, for instance; that is one of the richest communities in the civilised world; its coal and iron alone would make any country affluent, and a portion of its agricultural population is one of the most affluent I know of. Nevertheless, Pennsylvania, owing to a concurrence of events, could not pay the interest on her debt for two years and a half, though she is doing it now, and will doubtless continue to do it. The sudden breaking down of that colossal moneyed institution, the *soi-disant* bank of the United States, after it ceased to be in reality a bank of the government, brought about such a state of the circulation as rendered payment, by any of the ordinary means known to government, impossible—I know what I say, and repeat, impossible. It is well known that many persons, accustomed to affluence, had to carry their plate to the mint, in order to obtain money to go to market. Then something may be attributed to the institutions, without disparaging a people's honesty. Our institutions are popular, just as those of France are the reverse; and the people, they who were on the spot—the home creditor, with his account

unpaid, and with his friends, and relatives in the legislature, and present to aid him, contended for his own money before any should be sent abroad." "Was that exactly right, Sir?" "Certainly not; it was exactly wrong; but very particularly natural. Do you suppose the King of France would not take the money for his civil list, if circumstances should compel the country to suspend on the debt for a year or two, or the ministers their salaries? My word for it, each and all of them would prefer themselves as creditors, and act accordingly. Every one of these countries has suspended in some form or other, and in many instances balanced the account with the sponge. Their clamour against us is altogether calculated with a view to political effect." "Still, I wish Pennsylvania, for instance, had continued to pay at every hazard." "It is well enough to wish, Hugh; but it is wishing for an impossibility. Then, you and I, as New Yorkers, have nothing to do with the debt of Pennsylvania, no more than London would have to do with the debt of Dublin or Quebec. We have always paid our interest, and, what is more, paid it more honestly, if honesty be the point, than even England has paid hers. When our banks suspended, the state paid its interest in as much paper as would buy the specie in open market; whereas England made paper legal tender, and paid the interest on her debt in it for something like five-and-twenty years, and that, too, when her paper was at a large discount. I knew of one American who held near a million of dollars in the English debt, on which he had to take unconvertible paper for the interest for a long series of years. No, no! this is all gammon, Hugh, and is not to be regarded as making us a whit worse than our neighbours. The equality of our laws is the fact, in which I glory. If the rich stood as fair a chance as the poor, uncle Ro." "There is a screw loose there, I must confess; but it amounts to no great matter." "Then the late bankrupt law?" "Ay, that was an infernal procedure—that much I will acknowledge, too. It was special legislation enacted to pay particular debts, and the law was repealed as soon as it had done its duty. That is a much darker spot in our history than what is called repudiation, though perfectly honest men voted for it." "Did you ever hear of a farce they got up about it at New York, just after we sailed?" "Never; what was it, Hugh? though American plays are pretty much all farces." "This was a little better than common, and on the whole really clever. It is the old story of Faust, in which a young spendthrift sells himself, soul and body, to the devil. On a certain evening, as he is making merry with a set of wild companions, his creditor arrives, and, insisting on seeing the master, is admitted by the servant. He comes on, club-footed, and behorned; as usual, and baited; too, I believe; but Tom is not to be scared by trifles. He insists on his guest's being seated, on his taking a glass of wine, and then on Dick's finishing his song. But, though the rest of the company had signed no bonds to Satan, they had certain outstanding book-debts, which made them excessively uncomfortable; and the odour of brimstone being rather strong, Tom arose, approached his guest, and desired to know the nature of the particular business he had mentioned to his servant. 'This bond, sir,' said Satan significantly. 'This bond? what of it, pray? It seems all right.' 'Is not that your signature?' 'I admit it.' 'Signed in your blood?' 'A conceit of your own; I told you at the time that ink was just as good in law.' 'It is past due seven minutes, and fourteen seconds.' 'So it is, I declare! but what of that?' 'I demand payment.' 'Nonsense! no one thinks of paying now-a-days. Why, even Pennsylvania and Maryland don't pay.' 'I insist on payment.' 'Oh! you do, do you?' Tom draws a paper from his pocket, and adds, magnificently, 'There, then, if you're so urgent—there is a discharge under the new bankrupt law, signed Smith Thompson.' This knocked the devil into a cocked-hat at once. My uncle laughed heartily at my story; but instead of taking the matter as I fancied he might, it made him think better of the country than ever. 'Well, Hugh, we have wit among us, it must be confessed; he tried, with the tears running down his cheeks, if we have some rascally laws; and some rascals to administer them.' 'Unhappily this is no fiction, it is a true and a true tale.'

Tales of the Reformation. By ANNE MARIA SARGEANT, Author of "Tales of the Early British Christians," &c. London: Dean and Co.

FIVE interesting tales, founded on facts narrated in D'AUBIGNE'S "History of the Reformation," will recommend this little volume to the regards of parents and teachers who wish to convey to children knowledge in its most attractive form. Mrs. SERGEANT'S style is homely, but correct; her descriptions are singularly graphic, and eminently fitted to summon distinct and vivid images to the minds of her young readers.

POETRY.

The Modern Orlando: Cantos I. to VII. London, 1840. Colburn.

USHERED into the world with laboured puffs of the bookseller's bellows, this poem will disappoint anticipation. Beyond doubt it is a smart, and a clever, poem; but it is not one of those brilliant flashes of genius we were led to expect. The name is a mere name; it has nothing to do with the book beyond supplying a blank in the title-page. There is no similarity between the real "Old Orlando" and his modern imitator. The poetaster of the nineteenth century is an idle young man, with some wit and a dash of imagination, who has a friend who owns a yacht, and in this the poet roams about the world, turning into the verse of "Don Juan" whatever chances to strike his fancy. He is a good versifier, has an accurate ear for rhyme and metre, and a considerable command of language. His poem possesses at least one merit, that it does not weary the reader goes through it at a sitting, without a yawn, and this is more than half of his older contemporaries can boast.

In proof, we present a few specimens.

Paris, thou strangerest thing, of all things strange!
Young beauty, superabundant dainties range;
True to one love alone, and that one Changé!
Glittering, yet grim; half diamonds and half dirt;
Thou model of—two ruffles and no shirt!
Thy court, thy kingdom, and thy life, a game;
Worn out with age, and yet by time nam'd;
Light without lustre, glory without fame,
Earth's darkest picture set in earth's most gilded frame.
Gay spot! where all the world is in a hurry
Rambling and scrambling, o'er the pavements stony;
Gay spot! where all earth's kindest idlers bury
Time, trouble, cash, and conscience, *chez Tortoni*;
Thy mob, the genuine northern lazzaroni.

I say no more of thee (I scorn to quote)
All Europe's troops have been thy gloriously
The Bashkir bowmen have thee all by rote.
I merely pause to give one *Louvre anecdote*;

Lyons! I gave five minutes to thy slight;
How tall the showy termagant has grown
'Tis true she has some caplons on her height,
Giving the haughty Lady of the Rhone
Strong hints of duty to the 'Three-days throne.'
Stout fortresses, though yet not quite fifteen,
Yet quite enough to make a bad zone
Stiff as her bouncing sister's by the Seine;
Gay France must *glady* have the gun—or guillotine.

Now to the world again! We ran up Channel;
Dropped anchor in the savage of mire; Boulogne;
Saw Bond-street *'enigme'* in boat and tunnel;
Saw heroes to their tailors too well known;
Saw Cheapside exquisite *'performing'* on
Saw, in his second childhood, dear John Bull
Playing the fool in languages unknown;
Trying with sour Medoc his eares to pull;
Yawning from morn till night, *'dooze, hazy, strach and del,*
We rambl'd round the *'sights'*. The horse-pod bay,
Where rotted thy last feet, Napoleon;
Laughed at thy pillar, trophy of child's play;
Ordered our bill and britsch, and were gone:

Stumbled o'er fifty leagues of ruthless stone;
Saw women, priests, and horses, on their knees;
Heard our postillions howl on the trumbone;
Breathed villainous tobacco in each breeze;
And swallowed "old champagne," fresh made from last
year's lees.
"On, on!"—I hate to linger in my journey;
Dash down the valley, gallop up the hill;
I'd rather spend an hour with my attorney,
Marry a "philosophe," or make my will,
Than, when I've once got under weigh, stand still.
We reach and rouse thy streets, old Abbéville:
What dome is rising like a brick balloon?
The Invalides!—Day sinks; we gallop by the moon!

The following is a very-favourable specimen indeed
of the author's powers of description:—

A STORM.

Give me great Nature's summoners to thought;
The mountain's thunder-splintered pinnacle;
The living freshness of the ivied grot,
Where the young river gushes from its cell;
The low rich echoes that from forests swell;
Or ruined piles by wild-wood flowers o'ergrown,
Where ancient sages taught, or heroes fell:
And glorious shapes seem haunting every stone,
And the world-wearied heart communes with Heaven alone.
Nature, I love thee in thy storm and calm,
In wilderness or wave I love thee still;
For thou alone hast power the pangs to balm,
That, but for thy sweet antidote must kill,
Not that I dare impeach the lofty will;
Which, like the lightning, struck me to the earth;
If mine are wounds too deep for human skill,
If bitter tears now mingle with my mirth,
I own the solemn bond, the burden of man's birth!

"Three sultry days, and then a thunder-storm!"

France condescends to borrow England's weather;

So be it; I shall ask no sky-reform:

Better be drenched than roast for months together

Having your visage turned to varnished leather;

Earth fit for nothing but a snake or ferret;

Hill, dale, and plain, one crackling sheet of heather;

The world half burnt; "with all that it inherit"

I think, upon the whole, our thunderstorms have merit.

Once, for my sins, I "summered it" abroad;

"Twas in that "land of rapture," Italy!

Within a week my very soul was flayed;

Cracked like a jar! life round me ceased to be.

Off dropped the leaves from flower, and shrub, and tree;

Striped, like a ball-room belle, stood every vine;

(Romance, of course, will see what it will see.)

All that I saw, from Alp to Appennine,

Was grimness, dust, and glare—a landscape of the line!

The storm has come! I love that world of clouds,

With all its deepening, darkening, rolling, rushing!

Now spreading, pale and wild, like giant-ahrouds;

Now pile on pile in fiery sunlight flushing;

Now with the rain from all its fountains gushing;

Then, stooping on the hills, like funeral-palls,

The thunderbolts the forest monarchs crushing;

The streamlets bursting down in waterfalls;

Till comes the golden ray to paint its airy halls.

The thunder dies away; the storm is past;

The sun looks out from heaven, a lovelier sun;

The rain-drops from the trees fall bright and fast;

The rainbow shoots across the vapours dun;

The leversets o'er the freshened herbage run;

The flowers all seem their sister-flowers caressing;

A general evening-anthem has begun;

The birds in song their little souls confessing:

Field, forest, breathing up their incense for the blessing.

I have been long a connoisseur in storms;

Not these slight sprinklers of the summer-plain;

But, would you worship Nature's grandest forms,

Leave forest, field, and mountain's marble chains,

And seek the goddess in her own domain,

The Ocean in its strength; the blinding blaze;

The blasts, like iron columns; tropic rain

Pouring in cataracts; the sheeted sprays;

The tempest hiding heaven for desperate nights and days.

Take my experience in those showy things;

None (but your yachtmen) scorn a hurricane.

First, all is stillness; to the mast-head clings

The lumbering sail; no breath disturbs the vane;

The low horizon shows a bloodlike stain;

The sky looks coppery; the air seems lead;

Far thunders mutter; fall slow drops of rain;

The sun on huge brown billows lays his head,

Then shoots one broad red glare, and day at once is fled.

Night drops death-dark; and if on board a ship

At anchor in some windward island's lee,

You're sure to dream of taking your last trip

Down to the bottom of the "deep deep" sea,

A million sharks upon you making free!

You feel their triple grinders taking bites

You scream, and bounce from bed; the bell strikes three;

(The blackest hour of black West-India nights!)

You find the crew all up, and hammering the dead-lights!

Landward the view is thick as Indian ink

Save where you see the flashing of a gun,

Or the wild tossing of some negro's link,

Waiting to pick your pocket when all's done!

Ships, cutting cables, plump upon you run,

Threatening to send you to the "sailor's home,"

Shouts, shrieks, and thunder-peals, your ear-drums stun;

Seaward you see but one wide world of foam,

Surge rolling upon surge, huge as St. Peter's dome!

If peeps the moon, the sight but grows more horrid;

She looks a ghost above a boundless grave;

With "hat-band" clouds about her dismal forehead;

The winds all howling out your funeral stave!

Then comes a crash—a groan! that mountain wave

Has done the deed! the cable's snapt asunder!

Your anchor's gone! You need but choose what cave

Or crag your worship wishes to lie under,

With grampuses for mates; chief mourners, surge and

thunder!

In a different strain, take this lively sketch of

A YACHT.

But, let me show you to the "Captain's berth,"

The cabin, where he rules "en vrai Sultan."

Circled with "small necessities" of earth;—

The hookah's fragrance through the crystal drawn,

The high-life novel (read with many a yawn);

And, glittering round the little sea-boudoir,

Enamelled pistols, daggers Ottoman;

For billets-doux, an ivory Escriroire.

With fifty bijou things, too long for my "mémorial,"

Buhl tables, strewn with trinkets and vertu,

Carrara marbles on consoles, around;

Some "Chalon" portraits, exquisite, though few,—

(The names, of course, a mystery profound!)

A soft Æolian's sentimental sound,

Breathing at every whisper of the breeze;

All under tones by silken curtains drown'd.

The little round of little luxuries,

Which make a yacht-man's life a little at its ease!

Then comes the dinner (à la Clarendon),

Covers for four (all yacht-men dine off plate,

Though, for dessert, the Sevres still is "ton.")

Soup, turtle,—dinner on the board at eight.

(Two Frenchmen, two Italians, on us wait.)

Then chasse-café; a glass of iced champagne,

Johannisberg, from Metternich's estate;

Lafitte, just sipped to cool the wines of Spain.

Thus life is roughed at sea. "Britannia, rule the main!"

Here is an

APOSTROPHE TO ALE.

Ale, "pleasant, warming, kind, heroic liquor!"

(Give its honours, in thy words, Orosius!)

Dear to all ranks—prince, ploughman, clerk, and vicar!

His whiskey makes the Irishman ferocious;

His aqua-vite makes the Gaul atrocious;

But thou,—calm, rich, and heart-enwrapping Ale,

Parent of fire-side jests and puns precocious,

Art the true Briton's beverage, mild or stale,

Whether in England, brown, or India, pure and pale!

Thy pedigree, too, merits a description:

Thy birth was due to Egypt, land of sages!

The gallant Greek next followed the prescription;

Then, coming westerly by easy stages,

Rome's iron legions drank thee for their wages,

Binding (of course) all nations in their chain.
Then Ale taught man to break his Roman cages.
Ev'n England bowed to Norman and to Dane
Till Ale first wet her lips, and then she "ruled the main."

To vary his theme with a scrap of excitement, he introduces

A SEA FIGHT.

The moon was sinking softly behind Gos,
Like a sultana, couching on the sea;
I lay on deck, to see her beams emboss
Bright mount, tall minaret, and fruit-hung tree.
Anon came, slyly stealing up our lee,
A dark, long-sided, rogueish-looking thing;
But not a sound was heard of gloom or glee!
She swept around us with a sullen swing,
As round the pigeon sweeps the falcon on the wing.

The "maiden moon" soon brought us to a check,
Played a jilt's trick, and left us in the dark.
The boatswain piped "all hands"—all stood on deck:
Up went the signal-lanterns:—not a spark
Shone, stem or stern, about our neighbour bark.
"No answer?—Try a shot, and get her range."
We heard our twelve-pound message reach its mark,
She still kept wearing, looking shy and strange,
When, all at once, out burst her broadside in exchange!

This settled all our qualms; we blazed pell mell,
Loading and firing till our guns were hot.
Our gallant ship all smoke, the air all yell,
The sea around us, like a witches' pot,
Boiling and bubbling. Still, in that same spot,
Stood the black pirate, pouring in her fire:
Round, grape, and all the "regulation shot,"
As thick as any tourist might desire;
Both roaring, as I've seen old Etna's flaming spire.

Yet now, the gale (at first we were becalmed)
Came on, in gusts that ripped the sea in foam.
The two bold brawlers mutually *salam'd*.
Each bark—smoke-covered, like a glass-house dome.
Home came our topmasts,—happy to "get home,"
The broadsides snapping mast, and shroud, and sail.
(I made a vow in Greece no more to roam.)
Still crashed the grape, the musket shower'd its hail,
And bellowed o'er them all the thunders of the gale.

"Boarders, be ready!" was the captain's word.
"That bark is ours.—Blue jackets to the poop!"
Up went the helm. With pistol, pike, and sword,
We jump'd upon her deck at one fell swoop.
A pleasant sight we had—There stood a troop
Of every villain face, from Pole to Line,
Greek, Arab, Negro, a delicious group
In front their pikes—below, the magazine!
Above us, storm—around, the black and roaring brine!

At Chartreuse he discourses naturally of

MONKS.

Its monks! Yet what have I to do with monks?
Cumberers of earth; but made to sleep and die;
In life's green forestry, the withered trunks;
(Not seldom "hogs of Epicurus' sty");
I doubt if I should give a single sigh
If their whole race were in their churchyards flung.
How could I live and breathe (I'd scorn to try)
Without the silver sound of woman's tongue;
Life's *sal volatile*, that lyre for ever strung!

Three-fourths of all I saw were born to ploughs,
Or destined, spade in hand, to "mend our ways;"
But 'twas much pleasanter to make their vows
To walk the world in petticoats of baize;
Living on alms; their years all holidays!
Huge caterpillars basking in the sun,
Or fixing, in wild reveries, their gaze
On the rich features of some snuffed nun:
Rome, Rome! it is not *thus* that life's high deeds are done.

But then—"They look so pious and pathetic;
So tansured, sack-clothed, sallow, and resigned;"
Inquire in London, "Wanted an Ascetic,"
The "Times" will find you hundreds to your mind,
Ay, thousands, all as piously inclined
To eat and drink for nothing all their lives.
As any monk that ever dined or dined
Ready to trick their debtors, 'scape their wives,
Wear cowls and cant, and fill with dronishness all your hives.

And there is wisdom as well as wit in the following

REFLECTIONS.

Must earth be toil, and be for ever toil?
Must war, and want, and cold, and clay, be man?
Year upon year but changes of turmoil;
Hearts sick, and faces with heart-sickness wan!
I wish some band, alert at the trepan,
Would give my brain a "bump" for gown or cowl;
A taste for monkism; life without a plan;
The nearest to the status of an owl;
Yet what is human life?—the odds are for the fowl!

What if your owl has neither child nor wife?
Per contra, he has all his own dear will!
What if he leads a somewhat mopish life?
He pays no income-tax, no Bond-street bill;
No monarch sends him to be killed or kill!
What if his wing with midnight-walks is wet?
No magistrate can send him to "the mill;"
He has no hard-worked conscience "to be let!"
Your owl is never drunk, in dudgeon, or in debt!

'Tis true he now and then sits rather late;
But 'tis for business, and that business sport!
He never hears a sixteen hours' debate
On herrings, hogsheds, and the price of port.
He 'scapes Whig wit and Treasury retort;
(Owl as he is, he's not in Parliament!)
Nor cares a bean whose "in" or "out" at court;
Nor trembles if the funds fall cent per cent;
Nor, like your Irish lords, gets bullets for his rent!

Yes, give me but my choice, I'd be a bird;
But it must be an osprey—a sea-king!
Wherever gale awoke or billow stirred
Breasting the tempest; ever on the wing;
Steering, when Winter frowned, to seek the Spring,
By "vext Bermoothes," or some Indian shore.
Then, tired of sunshine, on the whirlwind fling
By broad black pinion for my sail and oar,
'Till once again I heard my northern surges roar.

Then I should colonise; choose some bright spot,
Some nobler Kilda, in some mightier main;
Where, though man might be eaten, birds might not;
Nor idle lordlings filled their bags with slain.
Then, looking down with dignified disdain
On man, the wretch! the sport of winds and waves!
Throned on my promontory's granite chain,
Scoff at the world's unfeathered tribe of slaves,
Toiling to find at best but coroneted graves!

Or I should take my tour—that tour, the world!
My road the clouds; my gallopers the wind!
What were your boilers to my plumes unfurled,
Making five hundred miles before I dined?
No beggar passport my bold path to bind,
(That pettiest privilege of petty kings—
Those well-dressed men, whom all conspire to blind.)
Taking my "bird's-eye" view of men and things,
Teaching the world the grand supremacy of wings!

And truth in this on

COOKERY.

Depend upon it, in all "leading" nations
The character is in the cookery.
Why do the British make such tough orations?
Why must the Frenchman chatter, skip, or die?
Why growls the honest German like his sty?
Beefsteaks, frog-soup, and sourkrout are the cause!
His olla swells the Spaniard's soul and sigh!
The Russ takes pattern by his own "bear's paws!"
Trust me, the *civilized* are modelled by the jaws!

Cooking, the earliest of man's master-arts!
So tells us the old gay Delpnosophist.
Kings first displayed their talents in their tarts,
Long before pensions swamped the Civil List.
Old Ossian's breachless monarchs of the mist
Were famous hands at haggis and at launch,
Ere Jonathan (Earth's phoenix!) brewed "gin twist,"
Ere Whigs were slippery dogs, or Tories staunch,
Or Frenchmen hustled frogs upon the shores, La Manche.
Confucius potted lap-dogs—But I hurry
(I hate procrastination) to the Roman.
(The East, besides, is weak in all but curry.)
Cesar, 'tis known, would trust his soups to no man;
Mark Antony, though he "lost the world for woman,"

Was cautious of his Cleopatra's stews.
Rome, till she fell before the Northern Bowman,
Though, at her best, not equal to ragouts,
Challenged the world at shrimps and wild-hog barbecues.

Rome fell and France took charge of the cuisine;
Monarchs may fade, but eating lasts for ever.
The crown of Europe lies in the tureen
(So said Richelieu, who for a priest was clever).
What's Fame?—a cheat! and Love?—a three-day fever!
Pass a few years, our passions slide away;
But never man shall break the sceptre, never!
Which *La Cuisine* waves o'er us, grave or gay,
So long as man is doomed to eat four meals a-day.

In a very different strain is this really beautiful stanza on

FIRST LOVE.

Few hearts have *never* loved; but fewer still
Have felt a second passion; none a third!
The first was living fire; the next—a thrill!—
The weary heart can never more be stirred;
Rely on it, the song has left the bird!
—All's for the best.—The fever and the flame,
The pulse, that was a pang; the glance, a word;
The tone, that shot like lightning through the frame,
Can *shatter* us no more:—the rest is but a name!

We conclude with an anecdote which we remember to have read in one of the memoirs the French are so skilled in forging. It is very well told here:—

THE THREE MONARCHS.

One morn, the honest, homely King of Prussia
Called on the Emperor Francis, for a stroll;
And dropping in upon their brother, Russia;
Found him at *Very's*, at his chop and roll;
And having settled all, from line to Pale—
Proposed to spend *one* half hour at their ease:
So, slipping Chiefs of Staff, and Grooms of Stole,
And tempted by the summer sky and breeze,
They sauntered, arm in arm, to see the Tuilleries.

They found the Louvre open, and walked in,—
Unknown; three quiet, plain, black-coated men!
All there, as usual, bustle, crowd, and din!
A tide of peasant, soldier, citizen!—
To force the passage, was no trifle, *then*;
For, all before them, was the world's "tenth" Wonder!
(Long since all buried in its monkish den.)
The world had never seen such brilliant plunder!
I think, to strip it was a more than Gothic blunder!

As rambl'd the three sovereigns up and down,
They met a *rather* puzzled English squire,
Who, thinking them three tradesmen of the town,
Asked them all questions, to his heart's desire:—
"Who painted this gay dame, or that old friar?"
At last, when fairly tired of picture-frames,
He said,—"I've now but one thing to enquire;
You have been civil, give me your three names;
I'll send you each some trout, when next I fish the Thames."

"You speak," said one, "to Frederic, King of Prussia;
Now, keep your secret, stranger, and retire."
"I," said the next, "am—but the Czar of Russia."
"Better, and better still!" laughed out the squire.
"Friend," said the third, "I own I'm nothing higher,
"Than Austria's Emperor!"—"The moon's at full!"
Their hearer roared: "I'll not be in the mire!—
I'm better than your best!—I'm *no* John Bull!
Good morning, lads! Ha! ha! I am the Great Mogul!"

From these extracts it is evident that we have in the author of *The Modern Orlando*, if young, promise of future excellence, which careful study will bring to maturity.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

THE second number of the *Monthly Prize Essays* exhibits marked improvement. The subjects are more varied, and they are handled with less of schoolboyism. The first, "On the Moral Influence of the Sciences," is the most "theme"-like in its construction; but "Innocent the Third and his Era" is a very powerful composition, and would not discredit the *Edinburgh Review*.

The paper "On the Tragedy of Macbeth" is trite in topic and treatment. "Ancient Ireland" has substantial merits; and the essay on "The Works of Charles Dickens" exhibits a discriminating taste which, rightly cultivated, may some day conduct its possessor to fame. The poetry in this number is not equal in merit to the prose, and there is a great deal too much of it. We advise the editor to give place to none but the choicest poetry, and to set a limit to the length even of that.

The *Dublin Magazine* for August has various attractions for all tastes. In the way of fiction we have some chapters of a story called "Signor Forinna," which reads very much like a translation and a continuation of CARLETON's clever romance, "The Black Prophet." Sir ROBERT SALE is the subject of the present number of the portrait gallery, and it is illustrated with an etching of the gallant general. "Stray Leaflets from the Oak of German Poetry" is a further series of translations from the anthology of our neighbours. "Paris in 1846" is a lively sketch of the present state of that pleasant city. There is a graphic description of the Election and Adoration of the Pope. GROTE's "History of Greece," and CULLEN and MELVILLE's "Adventures in the Pacific," are reviewed at great length; and for the politician there is an article on the late and present administrations.

Dolman's Magazine for August contains some attractive papers, among which may be specified a vivid description of "The Jubilee of Liege," by C. E. JERNINGHAM, Esq.; "Vicissitudes of Illustrious Men," No. 5, is devoted to GALILEO, an awkward subject for the Romish Church. Its best excuse, however, is, that every other sect has done the same; and that even the medical men of our own day are as prompt to persecute those who assert new facts in physiology as ever was the Inquisition. Mr. IYERS has an article on the new Pope and the Destinies of Catholicism; and although we cannot adopt his hopes, we sympathize with his admiration of the liberal and enlightened character of the new pontiff.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine for August has the usual interesting variety of information relating to our Colonies, such as "The Native Indians of New Brunswick," "The Cultivation of Coffee," "Sketches of Grenada Scenery," "Rides and Rambles in Texas," "Reminiscences of Cuba," &c. &c. and all the news and intelligence of the month. From the last named paper, which assumes the shape of a tale, we take the description of an interesting people found in Cuba:—

THE GUAJIROS, OR CUBA HIGHLANDERS.

"I admire your perspicacity," replied the friar, "and though late, will willingly gratify your curiosity. I have travelled a great deal, but in all my peregrinations in this world, never met with a more independent class of people than the Guajiros. The mountaineer is the minstrel of the tropics. He labours very little, and when he has earned sufficient to supply his scanty wants, he passes the remainder of his time at cock and bull fights—versifies and sings ballads to his mistress, filling up the interludes by turning Regalias and Dos Amigos into smoke and ashes. You must not imagine that the Guajiro readily sacrifices his liberty for a salary. His delight is to possess a few *caballerias* (acres) of land to cultivate maize; he breeds poultry, which he carries to the neighbouring markets—he ploughs and sows his own land, until he has made sufficient to purchase a slave or two. If poor, he does not object to superintend the cutting of sugar-canes, or the gathering of coffee-beans, especially as this occupation lasts only for a short period; when the sap of the canes has been converted into sugar, and the brown berries plucked from the coffee-plant, he resumes his indolent career, sells *muloja*, sings, smokes, dances, and courts all the girls in the neighbourhood. The Guajiro, though of Spanish origin, appears to have a mixture of Indian blood in his veins. His complexion is dark; he has long black, smooth raven hair, and is almost as indolent as the aborigines. He is the gipsy of the West, and is as fond

of roving and changing the site of his abode as the wandering Arab. Moreover, the montero has a perfect contempt for luxury—his wants are circumscribed to a nutshell. Whenever a montero pitches upon a spot, where he proposes to fix a temporary abode, he calls his friends together, and, like the patriarchs of old, each lends a helping hand. In the course of a couple of days, that which they call a house, but which we should yelp a cowshed, is ready to receive its inmates. It is made of the stumps of trees firmly fixed into the ground; the partitions are made of bamboo, interwoven with the leaves of the palm, and the roof is covered with leaves called *bejuco*s. As to windows, none are required; but the window-shutters, made of the *yagua*, let up and down to admit or exclude the air. When the house is finished, the owner also kills a sucking-pig, and feasts those who helped him to erect his dwelling. In addition to the house, they also build stables and sheds, where their horses, mules, cows, sheep, and poultry are kept *péleméle*. These mountaineers lead a happy life. They have hardly sown, when they reap, and gather into their granaries far more than they can consume. They possess immense advantages, for the land in Cuba requires no manure, and yields more than one harvest during the year. For instance, maize produces *malaja* about seven or eight weeks after it has been sown; and the English farmer would be surprised to learn that twelve crops are usually mowed in the course of so many months. These monteros are happy dogs; they know not what that hacknied word *protection* signifies, unless in the certain line, to prevent their being stung to death by mosquitoes in their catres at night. They know nothing about foreign competition, nor the duties imposed in England to raise the value of wheat, in order to prevent an importation which would lessen the price of bread. The montero sows, reaps, and sells his Indian corn and malaga—earns his forty per cent, smokes his cigar, and blesses the climate and the soil which gave him birth. The facility with which the Guajiro earns (if we may use that epithet) his daily bread, contributes in a great degree to render his life one of pleasure and of love. His dress is simple in the extreme, though he prides himself upon fine linen shirts which fall over his white trousers. A kind of long rapier, called the *machete*, passed through a belt, hangs at his side, and he never stirs a step without this formidable weapon. He uses it as a defence against the negroes and fugitive slaves; for cutting his way through underwood; against the attack of the dogs in the Ingenios and Estancias; and for defying his rivals in MacGuinness' case. He wears a straw hat with a very broad brim. His feet are cased in thin yellow shoes, adorned with a pair of huge silver spurs. Like the Arab, he is passionately fond of his horse. In short, the montero is never seen on foot: he would consider it *infra dig.* to be confounded among pedestrians. His horse's bridle is made of a rope, called *daguilla*, and, generally speaking, is ornamented with woollen knots of divers colours, the handicraft of his mistress. Some of the monteros wear richly-ornamented belts, the handles of their matchetes being not unfrequently ornamented with precious stones. These, however, are only worn upon high days and holidays—or they are sported at balls, bull and cock fights. The Guajiras, as you have just learnt, are very pretty creatures. They are well-made, and excel in the dance. The Guajiras generally dresses in white, ornamenting her hair with flowers. As to the Guajiro's life, it is one replete with adventures, which sometimes end tragically; for he braves every danger to penetrate his lady-love's abode, in spite of negroes and bloodhounds. Sometimes an enraged father, or an over-scrupulous brother, lays wait for the mountaineer: a conflict generally ensues, whereby one or other is left dead or mortally wounded upon the field of battle: in short he is the dread of fathers and husbands. The Guajiro sings ballads and ditties *à l'espagnol*. Though a general admirer of the fair sex, he is faithful in the extreme, usually visiting his belle at night, choosing in preference those nights when there is no moon, or when Diana is in her first or last quarter. He then mounts his horse, accompanied by a favourite dog and his faithful *machete*; and rides off to the Estancia or Potero, which contains his Dulcinea del Toboso. On approaching the house, he ties his horse to a tree, unsheaths his *machete*, gains on tiptoe the shutter of his lady-love's apartment, and gently gives the signal which announces his presence. As he has been expected, the shutter is speedily opened, and the Guajiro is made happy, for the

hours fly like minutes, and the minutes like seconds. Alas! these meetings, as I have just said, frequently end in bloodshed: a rival inflicts a mortal wound while the favoured lover is embracing the beloved, and the base scoundrel escapes unpunished. A pair of bloodhounds are sometimes let loose upon the serenader by the watchful father. Beset on all sides, his faithful *machete* disables the foremost dogs, who set up a most awful howl, which is responded to by all the dogs in the neighbourhood. He next leaps upon his horse, and, heedless of trees, fens, underwoods, and torrents, he urges on his steed, nor halts, until he has escaped the fangs of that most dangerous breed of dogs, for which Cuba is so celebrated.

Mores Catholici, Part XXI. is devoted to anecdotes of the charity which prevailed in the "Ages of Faith," when Romanism had not been invaded by the hard-heartedness of Protestantism. Some of these stories are extremely quaint, and they are put forward by the compiler with the most implicit confidence in their literal truth. Some of these are worth extracting:—

It was the custom of the rich, in early ages, to give the tenth of their goods expressly to the poor. And this practice was by no means confined to the great, for we find many instances of its observance in the middle and lower ranks, comprising the tradesman and the labourer. St. William of Rochester, who was a baker, is expressly recorded to have always given to the poor the tenth loaf of his workmanship. In Burgundy, the growers of vines had the holy custom of giving, from time to time, some portion of their best wine to the poor, in order to obtain the blessing of Heaven upon their vineyards. A writer of the thirteenth century speaks of a certain shoemaker who used to bring whatever remained of his profit, after providing for his food and clothing, every Saturday, to St. Peter's Church at Rome, and gave it there to the poor. During three centuries no one carried a sword in time of peace; but the sign of the nobility was a long purse hanging from the belt for containing alms; and the glory of alms yielded to the renown of mercy to the poor; so that Roger, youngest son of Tancred de Hauteville, and one of the bravest knights of the world, derived his surname from his liberality rather than from any other virtue. In the baronial court, as well as in the yard of every obscure citizen, there was always a distribution of food to the poor, after the family had dined. Giraldus ascribes this custom even to the degenerate Welsh: he says, that "when they ate, the first slice of bread was always given to the poor." The remains of every dish that had been touched at the table of Charles the Bold belonged to the poor. Owing to the preaching of Eustache de Flay, the pope's legate in the thirteenth century, there was at all great tables in England an eleemosynary dish to receive part of the victuals which they offered to the poor. Incidental notice of these customs occurs in the life of St. Francis of Assisi; for the holy father being invited to dine with Matthew Rimoldo, a Roman gentleman, and arriving before the master had entered, the holy father being unknown to the servants, who happened to be but recently hired, we read that he sat down in the court among some poor people, and began to eat with them of the alms given; and the master arriving, and finding his guest so placed, seated himself down also on the ground, and made his dinner thus in common with them all. Sir Peter Damian, in his treatise on alms dedicated to Meinard, bishop of Urbino, relates that the Marquis Manfred, in the farthest bounds of Liguria, on Easter Sunday, prepared a magnificent banquet, and having placed the poor in order at many tables, he himself with his servants, waited on them, and then partook of what they had left. In the year 1588, Camillus Gonzaga, a man no less illustrious for his alms than for his noble blood, used to feed every day, during the scarcity, in his house, at Novellara in the Venetian territory, two hundred poor persons, on whom he waited himself, while they were not only fed, but instructed in the Christian doctrine. In 1590 his bounty was even greater, to meet the necessities of the time; and it is said that his sweet and amiable conversation delighted his poor guests, with whom he used to dine as only one of their company. The alms of the rich, in the middle ages, often surpassed the expectations of the poor. A certain count, as says a writer of the thirteenth century, saw a poor boy half-naked asking alms, and gave him a denarium, desiring him to buy a purse

with it, and bring it to him, and adding, that he would then put in it what he thought necessary. The boy went, and wishing to save a little, kept back one obol, and with the other bought a purse and came back to the count, who asked him how much he had paid for it; and when the boy disdained to tell a lie, and said, 'One obol, and I bring you back the other,' the count filled the purse with money, saying, 'If you had brought back a larger purse, young man, you would have gone away with more money.' But another anecdote from the same author is still more beautiful: 'A certain man, through infirmity, not being able to fast till a late hour, caused some poor persons to breakfast with him on fasting days, saying in his prayer, 'O Lord, if thou art angry with me, for not fasting to-day, I will say to thee hereafter, before thy judgment-seat, Lord, if I did eat before the time, thou didst eat with me.' Richard II. duke of Normandy, who built the rich and renowned abbey of Fescamp, caused a stone coffin to be made for himself, in which he was to be buried; and this he used to fill with provisions for the poor every Friday, as long as he lived, to which he added twenty sous of silver. The wife of Count Egbert, at the court of Charlemagne, in like manner, caused her coffin to be made many years before her death, which was twice each day filled with provisions that were given to the poor.

It may be fairly questioned whether this was anything more than the form in which ostentation displayed itself in those days. It was the substitute for the advertised subscription lists of our own day. *The Peoples' Dictionary of the Bible*.—Part II. extends from the word "Ceremonies" to "Chronicles." It is very well got up.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Key on the Education of the Poor.

Mr. Kay next turns to FRANCE, of whose system he speaks in terms of eulogy, for its completeness and its efficiency. Its character seems to be much misunderstood in England. The grand difficulty that has encountered all projects of education here has been thus conquered by France, and we may borrow a lesson from our neighbours.

Many very unjust aspersions have been cast upon this measure by individuals in our own country, generally totally ignorant of its details, for its neglect of religion—the vital principle of a people's education. This reproach is wholly unfounded; but so inveterate are our anti-gallican prejudices, and so strong our own sectarianism and uncharitableness, that we have greedily seized upon these precious slanders, and accepted them as undeniable truths. It was long debated in France how the difficulties arising from religious differences should be overcome. Whether they should attempt to establish separate schools for all the different sects of Christianity, whether they should open the schools to all these various sects, and banish from them all religious instruction, or whether they should open the schools to the different Christian persuasions, and commit the management of each to a master, chosen from the most numerous sect in the department or commune, of which it was the normal, or elementary school. They felt that if they adopted the first course, they would leave the education of many children, where there was not a sufficient number of some one sect in a commune, to enable Government to establish a separate school for it, totally unprovided for. They felt also that, if they adopted the second alternative, they would leave the most deeply important part of education either wholly neglected, or, at least, most indifferently provided for, and that to deny the master the liberty of giving practical religious education in the school, was to deprive him of the most powerful means of improving the character of his children. They, therefore, adopted the third alternative and resolved to place each of the Normal schools of the different departments, and each of the primary schools of the different communes, under the management of a teacher selected from the most numerous Christian sect in the department or commune in which the school was situated. They further arranged that the parents, who differed in religion from the master or director of the

school, should have the power of requiring their children to absent themselves during the periods of religious instruction; but they ordained that it should be necessary for such parents to provide elsewhere for the religious education of their own children. So far from the religious education being overlooked in France, it is constantly referred to in the different decrees on the subject of education, as of the most deep and momentous importance; and the religious education and moral character of the candidate-master, are strictly examined into before they can receive their brevets de capacité, enabling them to conduct primary schools.

Each department is obliged, either alone or in conjunction with others, to support one Normal school for the education of its schoolmasters; the expenses are borne by the department, while the direction of the education is given to the Minister of Public Instruction. The instruction given in the Normal schools comprises—

Moral and Religious Instruction, Reading, Arithmetic, French Grammar, Linear Drawing, Surveying, and the other applications of Practical Geometry; the Elements of the Physical Sciences; Music; the Elements of Geography, and History, and more particularly of the History of France; the Grafting and the Cutting of Trees.

Before they are permitted to teach, they are subjected to an examination by a commission, whose members give them a certificate of capacity.

Turn now to the regulations of the primary schools.

The departments are subdivided into communes, and each commune is obliged by law, either alone or in conjunction with one or more neighbouring communes, to support at least one elementary primary school; but where the population is large enough to require more than one school, it is *invited* to establish one or more schools for the boys, and one or more schools for the girls.

Where there are many sects, the Minister of Public Instruction may grant permission to the commune to establish separate schools for the separate sects.

The large towns and communes, with a population of more than 6,000, are each required to support one superior school for the children of the class next above the mere labourers.

The instruction in the elementary schools consists of

Moral and Religious Instruction, Reading, Writing, the Elements of Arithmetic, the Elements of the French language, and the Legal system of Weights and Measures, Geography (particularly of France), History (particularly of France), Linear Drawing, and Singing.

The religious and moral instruction is the principal duty of the schoolmaster. All the classes commence and terminate with prayer. A few verses of the Bible are learned by rote every day. Every Saturday the gospel for the next Sunday is recited.

No books are allowed to be used in these schools but such as are authorised by Government, but the masters are permitted to follow the method of instruction which they themselves think preferable.

There are two local committees of supervision, one of the arrondissement and one of the commune. These meet once a month, the former reporting to the latter, and the latter to the Minister. Besides these, Government inspectors are appointed, who examine the schools, and report yearly, specifically upon the state of the house, and classes, and the moral character of the school, and on the instruction given, and methods followed by the schoolmaster.

The expenses are thus defrayed:—

When a department is not able to support the expense of a Normal school, the prefect consults with the prefects of the neighbouring departments for the establishment of one joint Normal school for several departments, the expenses of which are borne by them proportionally to their population. It is

not left to the departments to define what number of masters is necessary in such a school, or what salaries should be given to them. These are matters regulated by the state; for it is felt, that unless good and sufficient salaries are provided for the masters, the standard of attainment amongst them would soon be lessened, and that the departments are too immediately interested in the reduction of these heavy but necessary expenses, and often too little interested in a matter of such vital importance to the state, as the education of its citizens. They have, therefore, wisely concluded that the state alone can be entrusted with these important regulations. The pay of the director is generally borne partly by the state and partly by the department.

Besides these Government institutions, there is a private one entitled the *Frères Chrétiens*, which sends out a vast number of admirably qualified schoolmasters. This is Mr. KAY's account of it:—

The *Frères* are a society of men devoted entirely and exclusively to the education of the poor. They take the vow of celibacy, renounce all the pleasures of society and relationship, enter into the brotherhood, and retain only two objects in life—their own spiritual advancement and the education of the people. But before a young man can be received into the society, he is required to pass an intermediate period of education and trial, during which he is denied all the ordinary pleasures of life, is accustomed to the humblest and most servile occupations, and receives an excellent and most liberal education. During this period, which lasts three years, he is carefully instructed in the principles of the Roman Catholic religion, in the sciences, in the French and Latin languages, in history, geography, arithmetic, writing, &c., and at the same time he is required to perform the most humble household duties. The *Frères* and the young men who are passing through their first novitiate, manage in turn all the household duties, as the cooking, the preparation of the meals, and all the ordinary duties of domestic servants; whilst their simple and perfectly plain costume, their separation from the world and from their friends, who are only permitted to visit them at long intervals, accustom them to the arduous and self-denying life they are called upon afterwards to lead in the primary schools. By these means they form a character admirably fitted for the important office of a schoolmaster. The *Frères* never leave the walls of one of their houses except in company. One *Frère* is not permitted to travel without being accompanied by another; and when a department or commune requires their services in a primary school, three are sent out, one of whom manages their domestic concerns, whilst the other two conduct the school classes. If, however, there is in any town more than one school conducted by *Frères*, they all live together under the superintendence of an elder *Frère*, who is styled director. If at the end of the first novitiate, the young man is still willing and desirous of entering the brotherhood, he is admitted by gradual advancement and preparation into the bosom of the society. He is then at the disposition of the principal of the order, who sends him, in company with two brothers, to some district which has demanded a master from them. What remains of their salaries, after defraying the expenses of their frugal table, is returned to the treasury of the society, by which it is expended in the printing of their school-books, in the various expenses of their central establishment, and in works of charity.

The education they give is described as liberal and excellent. The results of the admirable system of our neighbours should call a blush to the cheeks of every Englishman:—

At the present moment France has 76 Normal schools for the education of schoolmasters, and 16 for the education of schoolmistresses, making in all 92 Normal schools; whilst in England there exist only five Normal schools for masters. To 32 of the French schools land is adjoined for the purpose of teaching agriculture or horticulture. The course of instruction lasts two years in 49 of these schools, and three years in the rest; whilst several of our schools turn out masters after one year's instruction. Of the 76 schools for masters, 62 are large and excellent schools; the remaining 14 are but indifferent. The force of inspectors consists of 67 chief

inspectors, and 114 sub-inspectors; and I find that in the year 1843 these gentlemen visited 30,001 communes, and inspected 50,986 schools; whilst our mighty force of inspectors for England and Wales amounts to seven, who have the power of visiting a number of schools amounting to not quite 2,000, and this in a country possessing the greatest manufacturing system in the world!!

We shall next turn to the education of Russia.

The Vade Mecum of Fly-Fishing for Trout, &c. By G. P. R. PULMAN, author of "Rustic Sketches," &c. Second edition. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

MR. PULMAN has greatly enlarged his practical instructions for fly-fishing. A second edition proves the estimation in which those instructions have been held. Mr. PULMAN gives the results not so much of his reading as of his experience. His style is pleasing; there is good substantial stuff in his book, and therefore we recommend it to all lovers of the art of angling.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Die Geschichtlichen Persönlichkeiten in Jacob Casanova's Memoiren. Beiträge zur Geschichte des 18 Jahrhunderts. Von F. W. BARTHOLD. Zwei Bände.

The Historical Personalities in the Memoirs of Jacobi Casanova. Von F. W. BARTHOLD. 2 vols.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE second volume of this work commences with an account of the house of URFE, and, among other points, by the aid of sources generally unattainable, gives a detail of the fortune, possessions, and lands of the family. To our taste, this episode is among the most interesting in the entire volume, and we only regret that we hear nothing concerning the celebrated ANNE and HONORE D'URFE, the authors of that celebrated romance "Astree," entitled the wonder of the 17th century. To them followed JOANNA D'URFE, the unfortunate victim of the jugglery of CASANOVA, and his gold-making and juvenating experiments. In her house CASANOVA met with the Count ST. GERMAIN, from the first moment of which acquaintance commenced a rival contest in deeds of magic, for accounts of which we are indebted to the Memoirs of Madame DE HAUSSET, Count LAMBERG's "Mémorial d'un Moudain," and one or two other works of a similar nature. Convinced of the utility of examining into the influence of these practices, for characteristics of the times, Herr BARTHOLD brings before us in a compressed, but sufficiently enlarged form, an account of the marvels performed by ST. GERMAIN in Vienna, London, the Hague, at Paris, under the Pompadour, and elsewhere, ending with his final disappearance, concerning which accounts differ considerably; and Herr BARTHOLD himself, in spite of the most industrious researches, is compelled to confess he can come to no determinate conclusion. His elixir of youth, his diamond speculations, his prophecies, his extreme age, his talents of general entertainment, &c. are so admirably described, that to the greater part of readers they cannot fail to be a source of novelty and amusement.

CASANOVA, whose adventures are interrupted by this critical biography, revelled, meantime, at Paris, in every luxury and pleasure, giving himself up to society of the most abandoned class, and complete dissipation and extravagance, the last being constantly supported from the possessions of the D'URFE family.

Among other characters of note, we meet here with ROUSSEAU; but the editor dwells longer on the subject of BERNIS, the patron of CASANOVA, whose last few remarks concerning him render fuller details necessary, seeing that he relates only well known generalities.

With the sixth part, in the year 1760, the scene changes to the French quarters near Cologne, where the number of new and old names give occasion to many historical notices. We have here a picture of the dissolution of the French camp, and also of the sad condition of Germany, whose nobles and princes pressed forward to enter the service of France, where they were but regarded with the utmost contempt. We linger with the writer at the courts of Bonn and Stuttgart, where a rather unconnected little episode of the family of the dancer VESTRIS is appended, taken, for the most part, from GRIMM's "Briefwechsel;" from whence we proceed to Switzerland, where the society of the diplomatist CHAUVÉLIN SCHLARAFFENLABEN, and that of the scientific HALLER in Berne, offer strange and suggestive contrasts. A yet more entertaining part is that concerning CASANOVA with VOLTAIRE, one which the editor felt himself bound to verify with particular care, and furnish with careful details of the princely life at Ferney.

The succeeding years of CASANOVA's life, which are traced by HERR BARTHOLD, until 1770, carry us into the midst of those circles he visited in Turin, Milan, the Dauphiné, London, Berlin, Brunswick, Petersburg, Warsaw, Dresden, Spain, Madrid, Naples, Florence, and Rome, and, as a consequence, offer much that is highly entertaining. To all we cannot refer. In London, we receive an unveiled representation of the court of GEORGE II., miserable as far as munificence and hospitality are concerned, and no very pleasing view of the morality of the nobility and gentry of that period; of Berlin, we have the conversation with FREDERICK II. in 1764, chronologically tested; in Madrid we are interested in the account given of the statesmen ARANDA and OLAVIDEZ; and in the Dauphiné we have, if wanted, another example, in the instance of Mademoiselle ROMANS, the pupil of CASANOVA, of the poison that had penetrated from the immediate influence of LOUIS XV. to the simplest condition of bourgeoisie life. LA ROMANS was avowedly one of the most distinguished among the favourites of LOUIS XV.

CASANOVA's abode in Rome becomes more worthy of our interest from his connection with WINCKELMANN, and with this conviction, a collection of extracts is given from the correspondence of the latter, of all passages tending to throw any light thereon. From the same letters the editor has given us the episode concerning MARGARET MENGES, there related at length, all which cannot fail to be interesting. We advert so minutely to these sections of the work, simply to prove the labour and zeal BARTHOLD has bestowed thereupon, and to point to the judicious combination of facts, with attractive psychological remarks.

It yet remains for us to cast a glance upon CASANOVA's residence in the northern cities of St. Petersburg, Riga, and Warsaw. At Riga, in the winter of 1764, he became acquainted with Prince CHARLES ERNEST BIRON, of Courland, a man accessible to all alchemical impostors, a princely adventurer, the circumstances of whose life are drawn by BARTHOLD from the "Memoirs, Historiques, et Authentiques de la Bastille," and interspersed with critical remarks, which must be regarded as useful and judicious. Well acquainted with Russian affairs, the author censures the unconstrained egotism of the higher classes, likewise of the most distinguished characters of the court of CATHERINE II. in 1765; and from the writings of STAHLIN, MASSON, CASTERA, and others, completes the sketches given by CASANOVA of PUTINI and LUINI, the favoured YELEGIN and TEPLOW, the general MELISSIN, and the minister PANIN, the SIEVESS and CHITRON; ALEXIS TARRAKANON appears first at the horrible abduction of the Princess ELIZABETH. Of CASANOVA's

second interview with the Empress, the author observes it may be regarded as equal in interest to that with FREDERICK II.; in Russia, he concludes, CASANOVA was not much estimated, seeing that, of his class, there were many there already, and he came uncalled. Of his transactions in Warsaw much is not to be said; his description, however, of the monarch and his nobles forms a clever cabinet picture. The duel with BRANICKI served, as we have before remarked, to the re-establishment of his reputation, which had previously suffered not a little.

We have remarked also in this second volume much that is deserving of attention concerning the shameless court of FERDINAND IV. of Naples, the amusing vagaries of the Prince of MONACO, and to which we can but cursorily allude; strange contrasts of life and character are before us—Pope BENEDICT XIV. GUSTAVUS III. CHARLES of Wirtemberg, Queen CAROLINE, of Naples, the minister and favourite actor, FARINELLI, SCHNVALOW, sketches of English characters in Lords BALTIMORE and TALON, learned men, artists, actors, and actresses, without number; together with CASANOVA's brethren in adventures and fortune-hunting of the seventeenth century—a Baron TOTT, a Chevalier D'EON, a LAVENHAUPT, the Dalmatian brothers, STEFFANO and PREMISLAW ZANOWITSCH; in a word, the universality of this interesting work is such as, in some respect or other, to satisfy all minds.

While we cannot coincide with the Augsburg critic in complaining that many books or memoirs of utility have been left uninvestigated by the author, we feel at the same time called upon to make one observation. It is remarkable that, often as he refers to the friend of FREDERICK the Great, the Lord Marshal KEITH, he should totally have omitted all mention of the life of his brother by VARHAGEN VON ENSE. Neither can the essay by the same writer, in the "Berliner Kalender," on VOLTAIRE's detention in Frankfort, be known to him; otherwise we imagine several expressions would have been slightly modified. We may close our remarks with those of the Prince de LIGNE on CASANOVA, made to the Count LAGARDE, in Vienna, 1814, and which HERR BARTHOLD takes from the "Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne."

Casanova (he remarks), is the most entertaining original I have met with in the course of my life. It is he who says no woman has any age, but that her lover gives her; his inexhaustible reminiscences, his lively imagination, quick and vigorous as at twenty years of age, and add to that, his affection for me, succeeded in gaining my good-will. He has often read me his Memoirs, which are at once those of a chevalier, and a wandering Jew.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

History of New Netherland; or New York under the Dutch. By E. B. O'CALLAGHAN, Corresponding Member of the New York Historical Society. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 493.*

"THIS work is creditable both to its author and its publishers. Mr. O'Callaghan is of opinion that full justice has not yet been done to the history of the first settlement of New York. So far from agreeing with Chancellor Kent in the sentiment expressed in his historical discourse, that "the Dutch colonial annals are of a tame and pacific character, and generally dry and uninteresting," he says he has found them "teeming with every material which could render historical research a work of pleasure and improvement." We admire this spirit, even when we cannot quite come up to it. It is the mainspring of all antiquarian investigations. Without it, very certainly, the volume before us could never have been written; and yet this makes but a part of the

* This notice of a new American book is taken from the *North American Quarterly Review* for April.

author's project. It contains a narrative of events in the colony of New Netherland only down to the year 1666. Should the public afford sufficient encouragement, the remaining eighteen years, containing the record of Director Stuyvesant's administration, will be embraced in another volume soon to follow. We hope that in his honest expectation Mr. O'Callaghan will not be disappointed. But knowing, as we do, how small is the class of persons in America who encourage researches of this kind by purchasing the printed results of them, we could have wished that he had condensed his matter a little more, so as to have placed it all within the risk of a single publication.

The general outline of this story has long been pretty clearly understood. It has been much illustrated by the labours of the New York Historical Society, and very clearly traced out in the large work of Mr. Bancroft. The third voyage of Henry Hudson, the subsequent use made of his discovery by the Dutch West India Company to extend their trade, the later colonization of the country through a system of manorial grants, and the final merging of the settlement under the British authority, are all established facts, within the reach of every man who wishes to be well informed in the history of American discovery. Most lovers of light and easy humour have attained a dim notion of something more than this. The names of those three redoubtable persons, Wouter van Twiller, William Kieft, and Peter Stuyvesant, successively governors of the Dutch colony, have, through the efforts of the worthy Diedrich Knickerbocker, reached a degree of immortality which no ordinary exertions would probably have earned for them. We have always had our doubts, we must confess, whether the mock-heroic style should be extended beyond the limits of pure fiction. When applied to real events and actual persons, it creates impressions which a *bona fide* historian finds it difficult, if not impossible, afterwards to correct. We perceive that Mr. O'Callaghan does not even mention the existence of the work alluded to, and so far from manifesting a tendency to copy the example, he errs, if possible, in going to the opposite extreme. In the records of the jolly Dutchmen there are some anecdotes which may well provoke a smile from the most serious. The principal merit of this book is shown in the fulness of its details and in the recourse had by its author to original sources of information. A large appendix contains many documents essential to a good understanding of the institution for which New York is most remarkable, that of its manners. With the single exception of an opinion advanced respecting the cause of the peculiar hue of the Indian race, which the author seems to suppose artificial, we perceive little to find fault with. Upon some points of considerable interest we do not quite agree with him, and it is to these that we propose to confine our attention in the rest of this article.

Mr. O'Callaghan in his preface declares that "truth and historical justice" have been his main objects; that it is justice to the Dutch who laid the foundations of the great State of New York, against the prejudices which earlier writers, into whose hands their history has fallen, have instilled into the public mind. He does not mention the names of the writers of whom he complains, although it is tolerably clear that he means those of New England. It may well be that these have not, in all instances, been perfectly careful and accurate in speaking of their Dutch neighbours. We are very glad, at any rate, that the latter should find, even at this day, a friendly organ to state their case in the most favourable manner. Yet on reviewing the impressions which the present work has left upon us, we are led to doubt whether it is likely to effect any important change in their favour. Whatever may have been heretofore written will find some countenance from it, if it is not actually con-

firmed by the author. In the character of the Dutch as a people, there has always been a great deal deserving of respect and even of admiration; but it certainly does not shew to so great advantage in the early records of New Netherland as it has generally done at home. The reason of this becomes obvious upon the slightest examination. The principle upon which the whole project of colonization rested was radically defective. The results all took the complexion of the original vice.

Several European nations contended with each other in the discovery and colonization of the eastern coast of North America, of whom the most active and the most successful were the French and English. Next in order came the Spanish and the Dutch; and, last of all, the Swedes. The spread of the influence of the first nation was in a great degree, if not entirely, due to the religious ardour of the missionaries of the Catholic faith, impelled by a higher principle than any which the world can give. The motives of the British were more mixed, and differed in the different colonies which they planted; but we think it will be found that their early prosperity bore a pretty direct proportion to the share which religious feeling had in the movement. In the Dutch undertaking this impulse had no part. It was in its outset a project for securing a monopoly of the fur trade, and afterwards it became only a speculation in lands. No such men originated it as were found to take the lead in similar undertakings in Great Britain. The seventeenth century formed in the latter country an iron race, iron not simply in their power of endurance of physical evil, but also in their moral and intellectual constitutions. A portion of these, nursed in the cradle of the Reformation, remained at home to strangle the monster of absolutism which was lying its desperate fangs upon their political liberty. Another part, brought with them their heroic qualities to expend in the construction of a new social system, better consonant with their ideas of what men ought to be than any thing which they had seen in Europe. It was their faith which kept them true as the magnet to the pole to this leading purpose of their expatriation. This carried them without flinching through all the dangers of disorganization incident to the primary stages of the social system. This supplied to them a cheering consolation, when the powers at home looked coldly upon their enterprise.

How was it in these respects with the Dutch? The first comers were mere agents to collect beaver-skins and ship them off to their employers, the commercial corporation at home. The later settlers, a more respectable and substantial class, were nevertheless only the creatures of wealthy speculators, who were following into the new world that *ignis fatuus* which has constantly played tricks with them in the old,—the creation of new principalities and powers for themselves and their posterity. However solid and intelligent the individuals may have been, they could do little to correct the evil of rapacity, the offspring of selfishness, which must necessarily follow a mere money-making adventure. The Dutch West India Company looked for compensation for all its outlay, to the exclusive control of the trade in furs. The patroons who finally settled the country under them, whilst they openly promised to sustain that monopoly and to confine themselves to colonizing, studiously bought up the most important positions for traffic, for the purpose of undoing their masters by secret competition. Such was the temper of the colony. We may be committing injustice, but, after a careful examination of the present volume to find traces of any public spirit in the action of these settlers, from the chief directors downward, we must confess our disappointment in finding none whatever.

The original discovery of that part of the American coast which the Dutch occupied is due to Henry Hudson, an Englishman, in search of adventure, who only

transferred himself to the service of the East India Company of Holland after he had, by two fruitless voyages, exhausted the ardour for enterprise of his countrymen at home. The grand desideratum of his day was the hitting of that passage in the American hemisphere which was not doubted to exist, and to lead directly to far Cathay, the land of wealth and magnificence beyond the wildest dreams of European fancy. This was the all-devouring passion of that navigator himself. To him, new discoveries were nothing, excepting as they gave encouragement to his hopes. Even the broad river which will carry his name to future ages had no attractions for him, excepting as it might prove an opening to the Western seas. When he had traced it to its shallows, he turned back with a sense of disappointment, and went home to his employers to tell them, not what he had done, but how he had failed. Rejected from further service by them, he once more found favour in the eyes of his own countrymen, and again was sent out upon the waters to try and solve that geographical problem which, at one time and another, has cost so many brave men their lives. It cost him his, for he perished in the great northern sea which has taken his name—perished, too, at the moment when he believed himself to have hit the right path. The vision of Cathay, like that of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, became, in the agony of projection, a fruitful source of great realities to the world. The discovery of the Hudson river was a mere accident, but it opened to the Dutch a region which had been duly improved by them, might have become, far more effectually than Medea's caldron, the means of their rejuvenescence in more than pristine beauty on the western hemisphere. They were for an instant dazzled by the prospect. It was, however, but an instant. The thing then sunk into the form of a common commercial adventure, to be measured by the return of beaver-skins. While this continued fair, the concern might answer. As it declined, the eyes which had become gladdened with the spoils of privateering adventure turned with contempt from those small beginnings, and rested for solace upon the fields of Oriental luxuries, and the monopoly of cinnamon and nutmegs and cloves. The West sunk in the balance, when weighed against the golden mines which had been discovered by turning eastward around the Cape of Good Hope.

"It is, however, but fair to the Dutch to account in another way for their relaxation of energy in colonizing America. They were from the first made fully aware that, however good their title to the country might be, it was actually disputed by a power with which, for many reasons, they were anxious not to quarrel. And as, in controversies between nations, words have seldom availed much, unless supported by some show of physical force in the background, they must have had in mind the possibility, either that their improvements might inure some day to the benefit of Great Britain, or else, that they were to be retained only at the cost of war. The English sovereigns, resting upon the sweeping navigation of Cabot, claimed a monopoly of the continent of North America from Maine to Florida, and stretching over from sea to sea. As against the claims of other nations, founded upon a disposition to colonize and improve a part of this vast unoccupied territory, such a pretension could scarcely for the moment stand the test of reason. Neither do the actual grants successively made by Elizabeth and James, with lavish profusion, of countries so entirely unknown, that they could only be designated by parallels of latitude, seem to constitute in themselves a solid support to their claim in its widest extent. Whatever might be the justice of their title on the east, or towards the south, of Manhattan, it seems perfectly clear that no British adventurer had gained for them any knowledge of that spot, or of the river that flowed by it, previously to its discovery by

Hudson;—neither had any disposition to occupy it been manifested before the arrival of the Dutch. Looking back at these events from the point we now occupy, we see no reason to dispute the validity of the title of the latter, thus earned as well by possession and improvement, as by discovery. But whatever may be our opinion in the abstract, it is certain that the British never adopted it. The record of this fact is indisputable. It appears in the early and earnest, but friendly, remonstrance of the Plymouth governor, Bradford, as well as in the ruder incursion of Captain Argall. It is placed beyond question in the public papers which passed between the two countries. From all these indications it must have been perceived by the Dutch undertakers of the colony, that, sooner or later, and whenever it should grow to be worth a struggle, it would be made the subject of one with their powerful and grasping neighbour.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Domestic Fowl; their Natural History, Breeding, Rearing, and general Management. By H. D. RICHARDSON. Dublin, 1846. M'Glashan.

The commercial importance of domestic fowl is vastly greater than at the first glance might appear. Poultry and eggs form, in fact, a considerable portion of the food of the country. Eggs alone constitute an enormous branch of traffic. M. LEGRAND, in his report on the production and consumption of eggs in France, states that

In 1813, the number of eggs exported from France was 1,754,149. Between 1816 and 1822, the numbers exported rose rapidly, from 8,733,000 to 35,717,300; and in 1834, the number had increased to 90,441,600. In 1835, 76,190,120 were exported for England; 60,809 for Belgium; 49,096 for the United States; 42,960 for Switzerland; 34,800 for Spain; and 306,304 to other parts of the world. The total amount of the exportations for that year was 3,829,284 francs. The consumption in Paris is calculated at 1154 eggs per head, or 101,012,100. The consumption in other parts of France may be reckoned at double this rate, as in many parts of the country, dishes composed of eggs and milk are the principal items in all the meals. The consumption of eggs for the whole kingdom, including the capital, is estimated at 7,231,160,000; add to this number those exported, and those necessary for reproduction, and it will result that 7,386,925,000 eggs were laid in France during the year 1835.

Ireland yearly sends to England upwards of fifty-two millions of eggs, worth 87,352l. and 6,432 cwt. of feathers, valued at 32,666l. In 1832, it was calculated that 500l. per day was paid by England to Ireland for eggs alone, and the annual value of her exports, the products of the poultry-yard, do not fall far short of half a million sterling.

The breeding and management of such a source of gain is a subject of universal interest, and it is manifest that the advantages of keeping poultry are as yet very imperfectly understood, and that the produce might with ease be doubled were the instructions contained in the little book before us carefully read and remembered. It is, according to Mr. RICHARDSON, an employment in which the humbler classes might advantageously engage in addition to their regular pursuits, for it occupies little time, and yields large profits, as appears from the following estimates.

It is not, however, to the fattening of poultry for the market that I would direct the consideration of my readers, so much as to the production of valuable living fowl, and the sale of their eggs. The foreign breeds, and the *Dorkings*, will always find a ready sale, and the expense of fattening has not to be deducted from the price. The Spanish are, perhaps, the

best layers, and their eggs will fetch, wholesale, from 6s. to 9s. per dozen; by retail from 10s. to 12s. As yet, however, this breed is not sufficiently common for the consideration of such as would devote themselves to the production and sale of eggs, as a trade; in short, to the humbler classes. To them I would rather recommend a cross between that fowl and the ordinary domestic hen, or the Dutch breed, usually known as "every day layers." Some very interesting experiments, relative to the production of eggs, were made about ten years ago, by Mr. Mouat, of Stoke, near Guildford, in England. He got three pullets of the Polish breed on the 1st December, 1835, which had been hatched in June previous, and they commenced laying on the 15th of the same month. They laid from the 1st December, 1835, to the 1st December, 1836, between them, the number of 524, being about 272 each. During the twelvemonth they consumed 3 bushels of barley, 17 lbs. of rice, and a small portion of barleymeal and peas. The cost of this amounted to about 16s. 10d. The number of eggs being 524, gives about 31 eggs for every shilling expended; and, assuming the weight of each egg to be 1½ oz., we have a result of 41 lbs. of the most nutritious food that can possibly be procured at the low cost of 4½d. per lb.; or if these eggs were, instead of being consumed, sold to a retailer, a profit of about 100 per cent. would have accrued to the producer to set off against the trouble (if it can be styled trouble) attending the management of the fowl.

In a brief history of the domestic cock, our author expresses his dissent from the received opinion that he is a descendant of the jungle fowl of India. Mr. RICHARDSON thinks that the real ancestor is the gigantic cock of St. Jago and Sumatra; of this bird he gives the following description:—

The wild cock, justly termed the "*Gallus Giganteus*," and called by Marsden the "St. Jago Fowl," is frequently so tall as to be able to pick crumbs without difficulty from an ordinary dinner-table. The weight is usually from ten to thirteen or fourteen pounds. The comb of both cock and hen is large, crown shaped, often double, and sometimes, but not invariably, with a tufted crest of feathers, which, however, occurs with the greatest frequency, and grows to the largest size in the hen. The voice is strong and very harsh, and, strange enough, they do not arrive at full plumage, until more than half grown. There was, some years ago, in the Edinburgh Museum of Natural History, and probably still is, a very fine specimen of the St. Jago Fowl; it was said to have been brought direct from Sumatra, and, in most respects, closely resembled the common large varieties of domestic cock. In this specimen, the comb extended backwards in a line with the eyes; was thick, slightly raised, and rounded on the top, almost as if it had been cut; the throat bare and furnished with two small wattles. The neck and throat hackles of a golden reddish colour, some of them also springing before the bare space of the throat; the hackles about the rump, and base of the tail, pale reddish yellow, long and pendent; the centre of the back, and smaller wing coverts, of a deep chestnut brown; the feathers having the webs disunited; tail very full, and of a glossy green colour. The greater wing coverts of a glossy green, with the secondaries and quills of a faint golden yellow; underparts of a deep glossy blackish green, with the base of the feathers a deep chestnut brown, occasionally interrupted, so as to produce a mottled appearance. This bird measured something under thirty inches in height, comb included.

He then proceeds to describe the various kinds of domestic fowl, illustrating his remarks with woodcuts; copious instructions are given for poultry houses, a matter usually too much neglected; then he treats of the selection of stock, and some of his remarks are equally amusing and useful. As thus:—

HOW TO CHOOSE A HEN.

In your selection of hens, let them be of a medium size—of a robust constitution—large head (utility must be regarded before mere beauty)—bright eye—pendant comb—by all means reject such as have large combs, or such as crow. These are in position similar to that of human females with mustachios, partaking too much of the nature of the opposite sex.

They are the very reverse of good layers. An old saw runs—"A hen that crows, a priest that dances, and a woman who speaks Latin, never come to a good end."

The disposition of the fowl is to be carefully studied, as will be shewn by some anecdotes of

FAMILY JARS.

The disposition of the cock and hens should likewise become a subject of careful observation. Some cocks are of an unsocial, *unconjugal* disposition—will persecute and maltreat their hens, and will, if even they leave them alone, direct their domineering practices towards the younger inmates of the poultry yard. It is often necessary to change the cock, or replace one removed by death, and I must caution my readers to manage this with the utmost possible circumspection. Poultry, although naturally gregarious, are by no means indiscriminate in their attachment, and hens will not, in every instance, admit the company of a new husband when his predecessor has been removed. The celebrated French writer, M. Reaumur (the inventor of the thermometer) relates a very striking instance of this. In one of his coops he kept two hens and one cock; the two hens, after having lived for a very long time on a perfectly affectionate footing with their companion, and after having laid eggs rendered reproductive by him, suddenly conceived for him an unconquerable aversion, and never ceased pecking him, until they stripped his head of feathers, and made it bleed, while the poor fellow bore their attacks most patiently, and not only never acted on the offensive, but scarcely even endeavoured to avoid their fury, until, at length, after a savage persecution for five or six days, they killed the poor creature outright. M. Reaumur substituted, in the room of the slain bird, a young, vigorous, and strikingly beautiful cock; but this experienced no greater mercy, and would also have been killed had he not been removed. Two other cocks, subsequently introduced, met with no better treatment. The hens appeared, in short, to have taken a vow of future celibacy; and no artifice could induce them to abandon their most unnatural conduct.

Poultry, it seems, have their whims. It is a not unfrequent observation among ourselves, in like cases, that there is

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

It is also a very common thing for a cock to take a dislike to some individual hen—and this most frequently (not unlike some of his unfeathered biped masters) to such as are old; but this, however, is not invariably the cause. Mr. Dickson states that he had a cock once, which conceived so violent a dislike for a large Spanish hen, as to beat her unmercifully, drive her from her food, and almost starve her to death, although he had previously lived with her for several months a pattern of conjugal propriety and affection; and, strangely enough, the favourite hen of this cock was a small, unhealthy bird—the oldest in the yard.

Cocks are jealous fellows. But the treatment is comical.

A CURE FOR JEALOUSY.

Sometimes you will suffer annoyance from the pugnacity of your cocks. This pugnacity is said to arise from an unusually amorous temperament, and a consequent jealousy of disposition. Mascall, or rather his original, Columella, recommends, as a cure for this—"To slake that heat of jealousy, ye shall slitte two pieces of thick leather, and put them on his legges, and those will hang over his feet, which will correct the vehement heat of jealousy within him." And M. Parmentier confirms this direction; adding, that "such a bit of leather will cause the most turbulent cock to become as quiet as a man who is bound hand and foot." In other words—"tied neck and heels."

The turkey is introduced, with an account of his habits in his native state.

THE WILD TURKEY.

The wild turkey is, to a certain extent, migratory in its habits; and about the latter end of autumn, large flocks assemble, and gradually desert their barren wilds for the richer plains of the Ohio and Mississippi. The cocks associate in parties by themselves, and seek for food apart from the hens.

The latter remain with the poults, which they take care to keep away from the cocks, who are very apt to attack and destroy them. Flocks leaving the same district, all move forwards in the same direction. They very seldom take wing unless to escape an enemy, or to cross a river, which latter feat they do not perform without great deliberation, and a great deal of noisy "gobbling;" as if it were no easy matter to screw up their courage to the necessary pitch. The old and strong birds will fly in safety across a river upwards of a mile in breadth; the young and weakly often fall in, unequal to the effort; but, nevertheless, usually manage (in an awkward manner, certainly), to attain the shore by swimming. On reaching the opposite bank, the flock will generally strut about for a length of time, as if bewildered, and may, during this interval, be readily taken. On arriving at the desired district, they disperse in smaller flocks, composed indiscriminately of cocks, hens, and poults. Their food consists of beech-mast, maize, a fruit called the Pecan nut, and acorns. They will also devour such beetles, grasshoppers, young frogs, small lizards, &c., as fall in their way. This is about November; and at this season they often incautiously venture too near farm-yards and barns, where great numbers are killed, and form a valuable article of traffic to the fortunate settler. Early in March the hens separate again from the herd, roost apart, and carefully shun the cock. They still, however, remain near the latter; and when a hen utters her call, every cock within hearing responds with his "gobble," "gobble," "gobble." This noisy wooing usually continues for about an hour before sunrise, after which the birds silently alight from their perches, and the cocks strut about with expanded tail, seeking to obtain the favour of their desired mates; they sometimes, while thus employed, encounter each other, in which case desperate conflicts take place, terminated only by the death or flight of the vanquished. After pairing, the birds remain together for the season until laying begins, when the hen is again compelled to seclude herself, as the cock would otherwise destroy the eggs. About the middle of April, the hen forms her nest of a few dry leaves on the ground, in some sheltered spot, where it will be concealed from every hostile eye; here she deposits her eggs to the number of from ten to twenty; they resemble, in size and colour, those of the domestic bird. Whenever she leaves the nest, she covers it up with leaves, so as to secure it from observation. She is a very close siter, and will, also, when she has chosen a spot, seldom leave it on account of its being discovered by a human intruder. Should she find one of her eggs, however, sucked by a snake, or other enemy, she abandons the nest for ever. Several hens will sometimes join, lay in the one nest, sit alternately, and rear their broods together. When the eggs are near hatching, the hen will not forsake her nest while life remains.

Geese and ducks are described in like manner, with ample instructions for their management; and a chapter on the diseases of domestic fowl, their symptoms and treatment, closes a book which ought to be in every family that boasts the convenience and amusement of a poultry-yard.

JOURNAL OF INSURANCE.

[The principle of Insurance is now so extensively applied, and all classes of society are so largely availing themselves of its advantages in the various forms of Life and Fire Insurance, Friendly Societies, Guarantee Societies, Building Societies, and so forth, that a distinct department in a popular literary journal may be advantageously devoted to the collection of facts and intelligence illustrative of the principles, or showing the progress of, these various institutions. Communications are requested from actuaries, medical men, secretaries of societies, and others, who take an interest in these subjects.]

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

REGISTRAR-GENERAL OF BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

General Register Office, December 29, 1845.

Sir,—In my last report, bearing date August 10th, 1844, I had the honour of transmitting to you, for the purpose of being laid before parliament, a general abstract of the numbers of births, deaths, and marriages registered in England and Wales during the year 1842. Upon the present occasion, I

submit to you, for the same purpose, abstracts of the births, deaths, and marriages registered during the years 1843 and 1844. For those two years the ages at which the deaths occurred have not yet been abstracted, nor do I now submit to you, for the purpose of being presented to Parliament, the abstracts of the causes of death during the same period.

In the course of the present year, in accordance with instructions with which you have honoured me, I have considered whether it may not be desirable that in future more extensive information should be afforded to the public with respect to the facts annually registered under this office. I am of opinion that the value of the abstracts will be much enhanced if, in future, the causes of death are abstracted combined with the ages at which the deaths occur. Much valuable information also, it appears to me, will be afforded if, in future, abstracts are given of the deaths at different ages, in the different ranks and professions of society, in connexion with an abstract of the ages of the persons following those professions as returned at the last census. Thus, if the ages of the various classes of society in the metropolis, and in some large towns in certain agricultural counties, or in the mining and manufacturing districts, are abstracted from the census returns of 1841, and if the deaths are abstracted in the same classes and districts for the seven years 1838-44, the mortality and duration of life can be satisfactorily deduced therefrom, and much light will be thrown upon the causes which really influence the health and well-being of the working, middle, and higher classes.

But, in order to effect this object, it is necessary that a new arrangement be made in the publication of the results of the last census. The country being now divided into districts and sub-districts, in which the births and deaths are registered, all calculations of the mortality and increase must be made with reference to the population of those districts; I propose, therefore, to publish in districts and sub-districts the returns of the census of 1841, with an arrangement of the parishes and places distinguished in former censuses, under the heads to which their population, marriages, births, and deaths are referred. I now submit to you, in the appendix, a new arrangement of the census returns of the county of Kent, as a specimen of the mode in which I propose to publish the returns of each county in England and Wales. I am indebted to the Statistical Society of London, to some members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and to several actuaries of eminence, for communications and suggestions in reference to these plans; the results of which, when matured, shall be submitted to you, for the purpose of being laid before Parliament.

To be enabled to make deductions on which greater reliance may be placed, from the causes of death recorded in the registers, combined with the ages and professions of the deceased, I have considered it my duty to make an effort to induce medical practitioners to give written statements of the cause of death, for the purpose of registration, in all cases where fatal diseases come under their notice. I have accordingly addressed a circular letter to all the authorized practitioners throughout the country, impressing upon them the importance of attention to this matter; and I have also furnished them with books of blank certificates, to be filled up and placed in the hands of those persons who will be required to give information of the death to the registrar of the district in which the deceased resided.

My appeal to the medical profession has been responded to in the manner I anticipated; and I am happy to be enabled to report that, with rare exceptions, the members of that liberal and enlightened profession, now generally state in writing, for the purpose of registration, the particulars respecting the fatal diseases which come under their notice. From their exertions I hope that a correct knowledge may be obtained of the comparative prevalence of various mortal diseases, of the localities in which they respectively prevail, and the sex, age, and condition of life which each principally affects; and I trust that the abstracts which in future years I shall be enabled to publish will form a useful addition to the records of the vital statistics of this kingdom.

An inconsiderable number—perhaps fifty persons—of the medical profession have refused to return the causes of death, for very various reasons; one gentleman, because a factory inspector had displeased him, another because he had not been elected a medical officer under the new poor-law, another be-

because the remuneration under that law is insufficient, another cause he is not specially paid for signing the written certificate. That it is the duty of the state to require from the medical attendants, to register the cause of every individual's death which takes place in the country, appears to me incontestable; and, as I have stated, I have found that the profession, as a body, comprising more than ten thousand qualified practitioners, and all the most eminent men in all branches of the profession—physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners—have expressed their readiness to return the causes of death in the best way, the present state of medical science and their means of procuring information will admit. I have given explicit instructions that no certificate shall be received from persons known to be unqualified, or to have no diploma from either the halls, colleges, or recognised universities; and I have determined not to attempt at present to compel the few medical practitioners who have refused to sign certificates, to return the causes of their patients' deaths; as, although they may have diplomas, it is probable that the information they would be induced to furnish would be of little comparative value, and might mingle errors among the facts, spontaneously supplied by enlightened, accurate observers. If the legislature should appoint health officers to act with the coroners, and to inquire into the causes of the deaths of persons who are not attended medically at all, or are attended in fatal diseases by quacks and unqualified practitioners, it may be thought right to inquire into the deaths of patients attended by men holding diplomas who refuse to state the causes of death to the best of their ability.

I have also called the attention of coroners to the importance of returning, in all fatal cases, inquired into, by juries, the causes of violent deaths, more accurately and more in detail than has, except in a few cases, been done hitherto, in the hope that, when these causes are determined and carefully analyzed, means may be devised for guarding against their effects, for throwing additional security around human life, improving the public health, preventing crime, and advancing medical science.

At pp. xix, xx, I have inserted the circular letters which in the course of this year I have addressed to the medical profession, to registrars, and to the coroners throughout England and Wales, and I have republished the summary of causes of death by violence registered during the year 1840, with the abstract of deaths by different causes in the five years 1838-42.

The number of marriages, births, and deaths registered in the seven years in which the Registration Act has been in operation were:

In the seven years 851,286 marriages, or the marriages of 1,722,572 persons were registered, and in the same time 3,556,640 births and 2,337,922 deaths were recorded. Registration postponed by the Act of 3 Wm. 4, c. 1, commenced July 1st, 1837, and if the marriages, births, and deaths registered in the half-year of 1837 be added, the total number of names entered on the register up to December 31st 1841, is 8,146,918.

All the marriages and deaths which have happened in England (including Wales throughout this report), have been registered since the beginning of 1838; or the omissions have been so few as not to require to be taken into account.

Many births have escaped notice, particularly in the first years of registration, as parents are not bound to give information of a birth, unless requested to do so by the registrar. Latterly by increased vigilance and better arrangements the defects have much diminished, and the zeal and exertions of the officers employed under the Act will, I confidently expect, render this branch of registration as complete as is possible in the present state of the law.

The population of England, enumerated on June 7th, 1841, was 15,922,778. It may be estimated at 15,927,967 on July 1st, 1841. Disregarding emigration, and assuming for the moment that the birth register reported the number of children born in each quarter, 124,868 persons were added to the population by birth in the three months following July 1st, 1841. And in the same period 25,440 persons, of all ages, were taken from the population by death, leaving on October 1st, 1841, the population 48,428 more than it numbered on July 1st. We have therefore 15,927,967 + 48,428 = 15,976,395 the population on October 1st, 1841. Proceeding in the same manner, the population on the 1st of January

every year by this method is compared with the population calculated on the usual hypothesis. The population (female) increased 1.336 per cent. annually from 1831 to 1841; it increased very regularly at rather a faster rate from 1801 to 1831; and from the known circumstances of the country in the present decennium, the inference is probable that the mean rate of increase has hitherto been as high as that which prevailed from 1831 to 1841. The population of England estimated at that rate of increase was 16,684,600 on January 1st, 1845, and will be 17,000,000 before Midsummer, 1846. About 222,000 souls are added to the population of this part of the United Kingdom annually. The numbers in the population returns are augmented by the immigration of the Scotch, of the Irish, and of persons born in other parts of the empire, as well as by an increase of foreigners, residing or travelling in the country. Upon the other hand, the numbers of the population at home between any two censuses, such as 1831 and 1841, are diminished by emigration; by any increase in the interval in the army, navy, merchant service, civil service in India, or in the colonies; and by the number of absentees and travellers abroad at the last exceeding those away at the previous census.

To secure a complete statistical account of these "movements" of the population, the census lists should be revised annually, and registers should be kept of those who leave or enter the country, as well as of births and deaths. In the absence of the information which such a system would furnish, it is impossible to determine the precise extent of the deficiency in the registration of births.

Returns for the ten years, 1831-1840, of the baptisms and burials according to the rites of the Established Church were procured from the clergy by the census commissioners, and it will be interesting to compare those returns with the returns under the Registration Act.

The returns of the three years 1838, 1839, 1840, contemporaneous with the returns under the Registration Act, show that the deaths of 15 per cent. or between a sixth and a seventh part of the people who died in England, were not recorded in the parish registers. The defects in the church registers remained nearly the same in the two last years, and it is probable that they have ranged within a narrow limit during the whole of the present century; I have, therefore, to obtain the whole of the deaths in the ten years, 1831-40, raised the burials returned by the clergy in the ratio of 883,912 to 1,041,160. Upon this estimate, 2,934,521 burials, returned in the church registers, imply that nearly three million and a half (3,456,573) persons died in England.

The number of emigrants from the ports of England and Wales were 429,775 in the ten years, 1832-41. A large proportion were natives of Ireland. The census commissioners of Ireland had returns for the ten years of 229,112 emigrants from Liverpool. The authorities of the port estimated the proportion of Irish at two-thirds, or 152,738 of the number. There is no reason to suppose that Ireland has contributed so largely to the emigration from any other port in England as that of Liverpool, and the Irish from other ports, not distinguished in the returns, must be left as a set-off against transported convicts and English emigrants not registered in our own ports, or proceeding from the ports of Scotland and Ireland. Deducting 152,738 Irish from the 429,775 emigrants, 277,037 remain, who may be held to represent the number of English emigrants in the ten years.

(To be continued.)

ART. 2.

From the Hague, we learn that the gallery of pictures left by the late Baron Versteelt, Van Soelen, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs in Holland—consisting of sixty-two fine works,—has just been sold in one lot to Mr. Thomas Hartford Lowry of London, for £4,000.

Returns by emigration board given in the preface to the enumeration abstract, 1841, page 18. The returns of this emigration board do not properly distinguish the sex, age, native country, or profession of the emigrants, or the other particulars required in the present advanced stage of statistical science; so that a great deal is necessarily left to conjecture, in the absence of the direct information which might be supplied in the returns.

Report of census commissioners, Ireland, p. xxxv.

GENOA.—The monument of Christopher Columbus, which the Sardinian Government has caused to be executed in marble, for the city of Genoa, is completed, and will be immediately erected on the Quay di Darsena. The inauguration will take place in September next, during the time that the meeting of naturalists is being held in that city. The King and the Royal Family will be present on the occasion.

FRENCH IDEAS OF ENGLISH CUSTOMS.—A melo-drama, called "Le Marché de Londres," has been produced at a minor theatre in Paris with great success, though the utter ignorance of English life, customs, and manners displayed throughout the entire piece almost passes belief. One of the incidents is worth quoting as a key to the kind of notion of the English which goes down at such theatres. An offended husband leads his wife, a baronet's daughter, to Smithfield, with a halter round her neck, and disposes of her for a sum that would make George Robins himself jealous, namely 50,000*l*.! This will sufficiently settle the claims of "Le Marché de Londres" with our readers.—*Galignani*.

The Committee of the Art-Union of London have adjudged the premium of 500*l*. offered for a group of single figure in marble, to "The Dancing Girl Reposing," by W. Calder Marshall, A.R.A.

MUSIC.

Anthems and Services for Church Choirs, Nos. I. to IV. London: Burns.

A PUBLICATION that cannot fail to have extensive encouragement. The music is selected with admirable taste and judgment from the best works of the best masters, and so arranged as to suit church choirs and the family circle. Its price, too, places it within the reach of all classes. Among the composers whose works are thus offered to the general public are GIBBONS, ROGERS, PALESTRINA, TALLIS, ANERIO, FARRANT, DYCE, CHILD, BATTEN, CROFT, PURCELL, BRID, MORALES, &c.

THE FESTIVALS.

THE great provincial festivals of this year are the Birmingham, commencing Tuesday, August 25th, and the three choirs held at Hereford, which opens on September 9th. Both meetings, although differing materially in musical strength and attraction, will be highly interesting. Birmingham is resolved to have everything on a "monster" scale. There are the *monstre* organ, with two organists, Dr. Gauntlett and Mr. Simpson; the *monstre* ophecleide, with M. Prosper, besides two ordinary ophecleides, and the usual quantum of brass; the *monstre* double drums, with Mr. Chipp; the *monstre* conductorship, with three conductors, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, and Munden, the last-mentioned being a *sub*; there is the *monstre* band of 125 players, with T. Cooke and Willy as first violins, and including Lindley, Hill, Kearns, Howell, Casolari, Lucas, Hutton, Hausman, Pigott, Severn, Ribas, G. Cooke, Card, Lazarus, Platt, Williams, Baumann, the Harpers, Cioffi, Smithies, the Blagroves, Dando, Thirlwall, J. and W. Loder, four Calkins, Gynemer, Anderson, Griessbach, the Thomases, Goffrie, Case, W. Cramer, Alept, Jay, Payton, Watkins, Watts, Weslake, Banister, Hancock, Phillips, Pratten, Blower, Irwin, Ellison, Godfrey, Lyon, Seymour, Eames, Hayward, &c.; there is the *monstre* chorus of 272 voices, divided into eighty sopranos, sixty altos, sixty tenors, and seventy-two basses; there are the *monstre* principals, with Grisi, Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, and Miss A. Williams, as soprani—Miss Hawes and Miss M. Williams as contraltos—Marie, Braham, Hobbs, and Lockey, as tenors—and Staudigl, F. Lablache, Phillips, and Machin, as bassi. The *monstre* total of these vocal and instrumental forces will exceed 400 performers. The standard oratorios to be given, will be Haydn's *Creation* and Handel's *Messiah*. The new works will be Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and the *Ninety-third Psalm*, composed by Moscheles. Beethoven's *Mass in D*, after being so finely performed by the Philharmonic Society, with its limited means, will be tried at the Town-hall. Moscheles is to play a pianoforte concerto; being his "farewell display" prior

to his departure for Leipsic; and Dr. Gauntlett will develop the resources of the great Birmingham organ.

The Hereford programme is not so *monstre* in its proportions as the Birmingham scheme, but it has been judiciously selected, and the effective is of first-rate quality. Mr. T. Smith is the conductor, Mr. Cooke leader of the morning performances, and Mr. Willy of the evening. The orchestra numbers fifty players, including Lindley, Blagrove, Anderson, Loder, Seymour, Watts, W. Cramer, Moralt, Hill, Kearns, J. Calkin, Lucas, Crouch, Howell, Flower, Reinagle, Griffiths, Card, G. Cooke, Matschi, Baumann, Godfrey, the Harpers, Irwin, the Smithies, Prosper, Albrecht, &c. Mr. Amott is the organist, and Mr. W. Done is the pianoforte accompanist. Handel's *Messiah*, Professor Taylor's English version of Mozart's *Requiem*, Spohr's *Pall of Babylon*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Weber's *Oberon*, madrigals, and glee, Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*; Anthems by Drs. Boyce, Croft, and Hayes; Purcell's *Jubilate in D*, &c. are amongst the gleanings, independently of popular ballads, operatic pieces, &c. The principal vocalists are Miss Birch, the Misses Williams, Miss Dolby; Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey, Hutton, Machin, and Phillips. The chorus has been selected from the London singers and various provincial choirs. The organ, built by Gray and Davison, for Yazor church, will be used for the festival. The morning performances will be at the Cathedral, and the evening at the Town-hall. The responsible offices of stewards, who guarantee the expenses, have been undertaken by Archdeacon Vickers, the Rev. R. L. Freer, B.D., the Rev. W. Hassall, M.A., J. Bailey, esq. M.P., R. Pulsford, esq. M.P., and W. L. Child, esq. The solo performers are, Hutton (piano), Williams (clarinet), G. Cooke (oboe), Baumann (bassoon), Lindley (violin), Harper (trumpet), and Platt (horn).—*Morning Chronicle*.

It appears from a return recently made, that on the 1st of January last the pensionnaires of the Conservatoire de Musique were 24 in number, and received 14,347*l*. or an average of 597*l*. each. The highest pension is received by Madame Cherubini, and amounts to 1,417*l*. and the lowest by Madame Pernetto Gros, only 143*l*. At the same period, 254 persons were inscribed as pensionnaires of the Royal Academy of Music, and received 220,000*l*. or an average of 668*l*. each. The highest pension paid is 3,877*l*. and the lowest 142*l*. Amongst the persons whose names are down is Rossini, who receives 1,000*l*. and Sinbe a like sum. Madame Albert receives the lowest pension of all. 30*l*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. FARRER took his benefit on Monday evening, when a variety of entertainment was provided. There was himself as *Sir Peter Teazle*, and as "the Old English Gentleman," the song in character, excellently dressed and gallantly sung; and there was the chief feature of the evening, Miss FAUCET, as *Antigone*, a part to which she does more justice than could be done by any other English actress of the day. She wore on the occasion a magnificent *flûte*, presented to her by the authorities of Dublin University, in testimony of their admiration of her classical impersonation of the Greek heroine. The bills announced further that the same learned persons are preparing another Greek tragedy for Miss FAUCET's performance next winter. There was an excellent house and the accomplished *Beneficiare* and Miss FAUCET were both cordially welcomed.

LYCEUM.—There is scarcely any intermission in the production of pleasant pieces at this theatre. The last new novelty is an amusing farce entitled *The End of Jape*. KEELEY represents a Polish tailor, who is commissioned by a party of conspirators to make them nine waistcoats of one pattern, out of a piece of cloth furnished by them. The watchword of these plotters is "The month of June," and in the month of June tailor KEELEY is to marry the daughter of the landlord of the "Silver Lion." The tailor contrives out of the cloth to make a tenth waistcoat for himself, and all unaccountably constructs of the same pattern, with the sinister meaning of the conspirators. He is hence taken by them and others for one of their number, and finds himself accordingly in a variety of awful dilemmas; the fun created by KEELEY in the panic-stricken position of things may readily be conceived.

FRENCH PLAYS.—RACHEL, after a week's serious illness, has re-appeared physically weakened, but as full of determined energy as ever. We saw her the other evening again, in *Virginie*. Her engagement has been extended until the Friday in next week, a renewed opportunity of which we earnestly counsel our readers to avail themselves.

The Ethiopian Minstrels took their benefit on Thursday. It was the last appearance here, for the present, of these deservedly popular performers.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—DR. RYAN has, during the past week, been engaged in delivering a course of lectures on the application of chemistry to various arts and manufactures, such as glass making, &c. In one of these lectures the Doctor illustrated a method of cutting and boring glass by common iron instruments, employing, however, a solution of camphor in turpentine, instead of the usual preparations, such as emery, sulphate of copper, &c. By keeping the instrument moistened with the camphorated turpentine, the Doctor showed that glass might be cut and bored as readily and as safely as any of the metals. This is a fact worth knowing, and the thanks of the public are due to the lecturer for promulgating to the world a discovery of such utility.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—Tableaux Vivants, Dnbourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLING BACHELOR

ON

CITIES, LITERATURE, AND ART.

WE have just returned from Potsdam. We wished to have taken the road by the Brandenburg Gate, as being the most picturesque; but the desire to gain as much time as possible at this "Town of Palaces," induced us to prefer the railroad. You enter Potsdam by the bridge over the Havel, near the Royal Palace; and are at first impressed by the scale of magnificence upon which all the streets are planned. But this effect soon passes away, and is rapidly succeeded by the conviction that the town is no better than a grand architectural barrack, uniformly dull, and deriving its entire interest from association with *FREDERICK the Great*. The houses are large, and at intervals indicate the imitation of some well-known classic edifices, but the material has all the wretchedness of plaster discoloured, patched, or falling; and streets upon streets exhibit traces of their royal origin, by their inconsistent display. Potsdam was, for the most part, built by *FREDERICK* subsequent to the peace, after his conquest of Silesia, and occupied his attention to the close of his reign. Our first visit was to the "Garrison Church," where he is buried, in what appeared to me a very large cupboard beneath the pulpit.

His coffin is to the right as you enter, a plain metal sarcophagus, and on the left is that of his father, *FREDERICK WILLIAM the First*. As I gazed upon them, I confess I could not but feel how bitterly satirical death is upon kings,—and how awfully even human judgment now presses in condemnation upon these two here entombed. One must believe that *FREDERICK WILLIAM*, the father of the victor of the Seven Years War, was a lunatic—

"Twere good we did so much for charity,

for his character otherwise defies speculation. I remember the "*Mémoires de Frederique Sophie Margave de Bareith*," his daughter, a work undoubtedly genuine, and as certainly the most important contribution to the history of the private life of princes of her period ever published. The scenes she describes were ever present to me in visiting the Old Palace here and at Berlin. *FREDERICK WILLIAM* seems to have united in himself qualities and passions which, most mercifully for the happiness of men, are very seldom found combined. All his inclinations were passions, all his passions by unbridled exercise became a loathsome mental disease. He was avaricious, even to the extent of famishing his family, their frequent fare being soup made of dry bones and salt; or such unwholesome and disgusting compositions that they produced the effects of arsenic upon the stomach. He hated literature, and denied his children education. He hated society, unless he could convert it into an exquisite means of torture unto all around him. He dragged his daughter throughout the rooms of his palace by her hair, and then threw her senseless from him on the floor. His son "le Coquin de Fritz," he tried once to strangle, and would subsequently have beheaded, as he did the unhappy KAT, whose scaffold he erected before the window at which *FREDERICK* was held by two soldiers, while the executioner struck off the head of his companion; their crime being they had fled from his barbarity, as all his subjects did whenever they heard of his approach, as if a tiger had broken loose from his menagerie. What a riddle is human nature!—what a mystery the human mind! This man met death with a tranquillity, which, though somewhat whimsical, was yet heroic. Of his son, the other tenant of this tomb, it is hardly less painful to write; yet his name is so inseparably connected with Potsdam and Sans Souci, that it is impossible to pass it without consideration. We visit these places because his genius has made them sacred; yet of the many that do so, very few consider the moral worth of the man that genius allures them to worship. Yet surely we should do so, surely we should trace up our feelings to their source, analyze our opinions, and ascertain upon what these are founded. If we do not, we tend to encourage the evils of a blind unreasoning admiration, and to withdraw from absolute monarchs that only restraint on their conduct—the influence of opinion. It has been well said that the scenes of history are reproduced, modified only by circumstances at successive ages, and that similarly great characters re-appear. Of this *FREDERICK the Great* may be cited as an illustration. He is the *SCYLLA* of the 18th century; presenting the same combination of great active intellectual powers, and the almost utter obliteration of the moral sense. His character is thus a paradox. He scarcely admitted Deity, and scoffed at the moral responsibility of man, yet by no man towards himself were its duties more rigidly exacted. He despised the voluptuousness of *LOUIS the XVth*; yet, if we may credit *VOLTARE* and *PALISSOT*, he habitually indulged in vices which History hesitates to mention, and Satire blushes to name! He was tolerant to all religions, and to every species of infidelity, but resented all opposition to his own will. He despised libellers, and lived with the utmost familiarity amongst his soldiers, but in argument with those around him the philosopher was frequently forgotten, and the King appeared too often. *L'Etat c'est moi* was, with him, no idle maxim—it was his life; and his vices of government centre themselves in one—the spirit of universal meddling. It is, therefore, by his victories, and as a warrior, he has been estimated, and retains the rank he acquired amongst those we term "Great." Nothing can, in this respect, detract from his deserved fame. His natural abilities, perfected by experience, his activity, his power of rapid combination, his moderation in good fortune, his equanimity in extreme reverse, and the temper of that strong mind which for seven years maintained a contest against all the continental powers, defeated

and defied them, and finally ceded nothing to their demands, justify, notwithstanding the other great defects in his character, our most unreserved admiration.

We drove from the Church to the Park in which Sans Souci stands. You ascend a succession of broad steps, the slopes on each side of which are planted with vines and flowers, ornamented with a long range of orange trees, to a broad terrace commanding an extensive view, and forming a spacious promenade before the palace. This was FREDERICK's favourite walk, and here he buried his dogs, the only beings he ever truly loved. The palace is low and tasteless; but, turning a little to the left, we came upon its single redeeming feature, a double Ionic colonnade, extending in a semicircle around one wing. Here, upon trying to obtain admission, we were told it was hardly possible, as some relative of the royal family was momentarily expected to occupy the rooms through which we were most anxious to pass. In these cases nothing unlocks a door but "The Golden Key;" I directed it to be used, and after a few protocols—

facili patuerunt cardine valvae—

we entered the hall, and passed through a narrow corridor hung with pictures—FREDERICK's favourite walk in what the Germans call "dirty weather." The rooms are all extremely plain, and simply furnished. Many English books—among others, a well-worn volume of BYRON—lay around; and they show you FREDERICK's bed-room, the arm-chair in which he died, his piano, and sundry little relics, which Time, more than feeling, has consecrated. VOLTAIRE's apartment is at the end of this part of the palace, and the walls are covered with figures, on a yellow ground, of monkeys and parrots. We were told this was done by the King during VOLTAIRE's absence, and that he intended the decoration to be a satirical illustration of his visitor's character. It may be so; no man more willingly indulged in practical jokes, which he relished in proportion as they gave pain to others, than this King, who surrounded himself with philosophers, and brought, as VOLTAIRE told him, disgrace upon the name by the indignities he forced them to undergo. It is doubtful, indeed, if he did not consider them as mere playthings, or as a troop of comedians, hired for his express amusement. For what, but as associates of his hours of relaxation, were they for the most part? Certainly not companions of his intellect; hardly of his affections. The crafty BASTIANI, BACULARD D'ARNAUD, the sceptical and superstitious D'ARGENS, LA METTRIE and LA BEAUMELLE, interested him from opposition of character, or as butts for his shafts of malice and of wit. ALGAROTTI, D'ALEMBERT, MAUPERTUIS, and VOLTAIRE, were of another order, and as such were caressed and flattered. Potsdam was as the enchanted palace of Alcina; its charms for a while dazzled the eyes, and bewildered in ravishing strains the senses of the new comer; but the delusive spell broke, and each successive adventurer within its circle awoke to the loss of intellectual liberty and self-respect. Then men quitted in subterfuge and passion the place they had once held it to be a title of honour to possess, and felt no degradation greater than that of their past distinctions. Happy if they discovered this in time to fly, ere habit had rendered the feelings dull and obtuse, or age had disqualified them for honourable exertion. Of FREDERICK's intellectual qualifications it is hardly necessary for me to write. What he knew of physical science was but little; his education was confined exclusively to French. His own language he could neither speak nor write correctly, his classical literature was derived through translations, and if he ventured upon original quotations, it was in phrases such as these—"De gustibus non est disputandum," "Tot verbos, tot spondera," "Stante pede morire," &c. &c. Of Italian and other languages he had no command whatever. This was sufficiently attested by his library, which I examined as closely as I could as we passed along, and of which every work, in so far as I could perceive, was French. His poetry has been much praised and censured, but it has happened to him, as with other rhymers, whose indefatigable fecundity has enabled them sometimes to produce compositions of merit, but which are lost in the mass like delicate flowers amid the rank vegetation of an unweeded garden. We crossed from Sans Souci to the New Palace, built at the close of the Seven Years War, to shew the yet exhausted state of the King's finances. It is very spacious, with a few good pictures, and a wearisome succession of lofty rooms

almost entirely unfurnished. The entrance hall is an extensive grotto of shells and minerals, low, hardly original, and extremely tawdry. There is another of more ample dimensions in much purer taste. At a short distance from this palace, amid a group of graceful trees, there is a small circular building, in which is placed the second statue, executed by C. RAUCH, of LOUISA, Queen of Prussia. This I need not describe, having already spoken of it in my former letter; it differs from the one at Charlottenberg only from being probably more slightly heightened in feeling. Quitting this, our path lay athwart the park in different directions, to enable us to see the "Gardener's Cottage," and a "Bath and Villa," built and decorated in the Pompeian style for the occasional use and residence of one of the royal family. These last are well worth inspection, and are good illustrations of the abodes of lettered ease and luxury of the wealthy Italian senator of the Roman Empire. It was now getting dusk, and the masses of lengthening shadows thrown across our path made us hasten onwards to see the "Old Palace" within the town. We arrived here when it was just possible to see. The Castellan wished us to defer our visit—the shutters being closed—the Cicerone gone, &c. &c. but I bade him open the one, send for the other, and procure a lantern. My wish was complied with (the lantern excepted), and I could not but think the thin grey light which streamed into the rooms as the shutters were unclosed, harmonized well with their appearance. Every thing spoke of the past: The faded magnificence of the walls, the obsolete style of decoration, worn out furniture, and chandeliers and lustres still by their broken rusty grandeur seeming to mock the wretchedness of the rooms they had once in splendour lighted. Many relics of FREDERICK are here shewn, viz. his writing table, inkstand, and place where his bed stood, but we passed them all, anxious to see an inner cabinet, wherein his most unrestrained "convivial meetings" were given. It is a small room, very much resembling the octagon at the National Gallery; but about twice the dimensions of that suffocating dust-hole. In the centre there is a table, not that, however, designed by the King, and described with such nauseous accuracy in the "Memoirs of Voltaire," but a piece of upholstery large enough for a party of six, and contrived to ascend and descend through a trap door in the floor, whilst plates and dishes were removed by another, with similar "stage effect." This was so arranged, that the King and his associates might enjoy their philosophical repasts unchecked by the presence of a servant, and unrestrained possibly by any sudden and unexpected interruptions. You will find an excellent description in MADAME DUBOIS's "Consuelo" of a party of this kind, and the room fully realizes her truthful conceptions of these *heures d'usage* of FREDERICK the Great. It was almost dark as we stumbled out of the palace, and made our way to the "Einsiedler" or the "Hermit," a quiet good inn near at hand; for, having been engaged from an early hour in food for the mind, our "beasts," to use Count XAVIER DE MAISTRE's term for the body, were suffering much animal deprivation. Refreshed and revived, we quitted Potsdam by the last train, and reached our comfortable apartments, positively for the last time at Mylin's, by ten o'clock. We start to-morrow, for Wittenberg. Uncle WILLIAM is desirous of gratifying his Protestant feelings by a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Great Reformer. I look forward with much interest also to this little bye-way excursion. Imagination has frequently painted the scenes of the great acts in LUTHER's life, and I would not willingly pass unnoticed a spot which these acts will in every successive age consecrate as more sacred.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In your number of July 19, you notice, and it has been noticed in several journals, a communication from a M. Eseltja to the Academie Royale des Sciences in Paris, stating that by the assistance of electric light, he has been enabled to see through the human body, and thus to detect the existence of deep-rooted visceral disease, &c. It is to be inferred from the paragraph, that M. Eseltja sets up a claim to having originated the idea. This, however, must be disputed, as in his notices to correspondents, in one of the numbers of the medical periodical, the *Lancet*, the editor refers to the follow-

ing note from me, under the signature "E. X." in which I ask whether, "in the exhibition of animalcules, under the hydro-oxygen microscope, some being seen *through*, the heart internally and externally being visible in action, the more transparent portions of *man*, the thorax for instance, could not be placed in a similar relative position to a microscope of greater power? Those who are blessed with the means may, by a notice of this, be induced to try whether the idea be practicable or not."—E. X.

The proposition of electricity without a magnifying power, instead of hydro-oxygen gas with, does not seem to me sufficient to debar a claim prior to that of M. Eseltja, and the publication of my note three or four months since is easily ascertained. As to the idea itself, I believe, after due reflection, that it is any thing but visionary, and its application need not be pointed out to you. *Fiat justitia.*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
August 4, 1848.

[For the sake of the subject we give insertion to this communication; though our correspondent is at fault in assuming that, because M. Eseltja first saw through the human body by artificial means, he claims the merit of originally conceiving the possibility of doing so.—E. CRITIC.]

NECROLOGY.

DWARKANAATH TAGORE.

We regret to have to announce the death of the distinguished Hindoo gentleman, Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore, whose name and high character may be familiar to many of our readers. With the exception of the learned Rammohun Ray, he was the first Brahmin of any note, we believe, who has visited Europe; and it is much to be lamented that neither of these eminent personages were fated to return to their native country, and to carry back to their brethren in the east the fruits of the civilization they had made such personal sacrifices to witness, and of the value of which we well know they had both formed so high an estimate.

Dwarkanauth Tagore had before been in Europe for a few months in 1842, and from that time was anxious, not only on account of the flattering reception he had met with, but from his own love for its institutions, the many friendships he had formed, and the state of his own health, which required a lengthened change, to revisit this climate, and enjoy the advantages of a longer residence in England—a country his own early predilections and habits had almost led him to adopt as his own. But he brought with him the seeds of serious illness, and although his removal to a more favoured latitude warded off for some time the fatal results of the evil, he has at length sunk under the effects of fever, heightened, it has been ascertained, by some organic disease of a small portion of the lungs.

The family of Dwarkanauth Tagore have been known in Calcutta for the past century as wealthy and most respectable members of its native community. Joyram Thakoor, the common ancestor of the present branches (now known as the "Tagores"), held the office of Aumeen of the 24 Pergunnahs, and head native revenue supervisor, previous to and at the time of the capture of Calcutta, in 1756. He was a man of opulence and reputation. His wife escaped during the siege, as is authentically known from the fact of a legal dedication by formal deed, dated in 1757, of the sum of 1,300 rupees, as an offering to the family tutelary Deity and Brahmins, being the amount of jewels on her person at the moment of escape. This money is still secured and appropriated to this purpose, and may somewhat remind us of the custom in Rome which dedicated, as a votive offering at the temple of Neptune, the clothes in which a shipwrecked mariner had escaped from the perils of the sea.

Joyram Thakoor left three sons—Nealmoney, Durponorain, and Gobendram Thakoors. The last died without issue, and the present families in India are the descendants of the two former.

From Nealmoney Thakoor are descended Dwarkanauth Thakoor (Tagore) and the immediate branches of his family.

Nealmoney and Durponorain were jointly engaged in commerce to a considerable extent. They also possessed landed property, and the family were known as large zemendars, or holders of estates. In Mr. Grant's "View of the Revenue of

Bengal" (vide 5th Report, pages 351 and 352), Durponorain is mentioned as the purchaser of the valuable estate of Semopore (one of the possessions of Dwarkanauth Tagore), being the first extensive zemendary ever sold in the permanently settled district of Rajshaye.

Towards the close of the last century the landed possessions of the family were gradually increased by the purchase of various zemendaries and estates in the districts of Rajshaye, Jessore, Denagapore, Kishenagen, and other places; and we find that in 1812, on the institution of a family suit, a schedule was filed in court enumerating no less than 21 talooks, or estates, more or less extensive and valuable, as belonging to the Thakoors.

Dwarkanauth Tagore was born in 1795. He was the second son of Rammoney Thakoor, the son of Nealmoney Thakoor; and is thus the great grandson of the Aumeen Joyram Thakoor first described. In 1799 he was adopted by his paternal uncle, Ramlochn Thakoor, who died in 1802, leaving Dwarkanauth, while yet a child, under the control of his adoptive mother.

Under these circumstances Dwarkanauth inherited, with other landed property, the Commercolly estate (well known in the commercial world for its valuable silk of that name), and also estates in Cuttack, and houses and land in and adjoining Calcutta. His spacious family residence in the Chotporo road descended to him from his grandfather. He was brought up wholly in the tenets of Hindooism, and in 1812 was married to the daughter of Prawna Nauth Roy Chowdry, of Naranderpore, Jessore, with the usual expensive marriage festivities, and alms to Brahmins, which cost no less a sum than 30,000 rupees, or 3,000*l.* sterling.

At an early age, however, his predilection for European society and for commercial enterprise began to display itself. When only eighteen, he proceeded to his Commercolly property, and remained there a year in its active management. In 1821 he built himself Sylladak and other indigo factories on the estate of that name, which he carried on with ability entirely from his own pecuniary resources; while with unusual spirit of enterprise for a young Hindoo, he purchased a large ship, the *Resolution*, and himself despatched it to South America with a valuable cargo of his own. In 1822, at the invitation of the public authorities, he followed the custom then obtaining among young natives of family and opulence, and accepted a high office under Government, and became the head dewan of the Salt Department, a situation of considerable native importance, and in which he secured the honourable approval of the members of the board, and has since enjoyed to the day of his death the friendship of some of its most distinguished functionaries.

Since quitting the Government service for the more independent operations of commerce and the management of his own estates, he has held a high position in the Calcutta community, distinguished there for his princely hospitality and his munificent support of every public enterprise for the improvement of his country. His donations to the different institutions and colleges, and his active advocacy of every measure to advance the education and civilization of his native brethren, need no enumeration at our hands. Perhaps there is no individual in India, be his rank or position what it may, who has more largely patronized the advancement and fortunes of the many around him, and we believe there are not a few now in India and England who owe entirely to Dwarkanauth Tagore the blessing of their present success and independence.

In proof of his liberal feeling and munificence, it may be well to state that in 1838 he presented no less a sum than 10,000*l.* to the District Charitable Society, for the relief of the destitute and blind. He endowed the Medical College with certain annual prizes, and has recently sent here, at his own expense, two medical students, whom he supports at the London University. No public project ever appeared without his name as one of the largest and most liberal supporters. His opinion was one of the foremost on the abolition of the Suttee. He ever boldly broke through the trammels of mere ceremonial caste, and has shewn a noble example to his countrymen, not only by venturing to Europe himself, but by bringing his youngest son and nephew for the purpose of advancing and finishing their education. His loss will be severely and deeply felt by many, and is a public, as well as private, source of regret: for although simple in his

character, unobtrusive to the last, and averse to put himself prominently forward in political discussions, there are few men who had sounder views as to Indian policy, and who upon important questions could offer a safer or more comprehensive opinion. We may well deplore the death of Dwarkanauth Tagore.—*Times*.

(From the *Morning Chronicle*).
Through the kindness of a gentleman intimately connected with the Baboo, we are enabled to supply the subjoined inadequate memoir of that much lamented man. We give the annexed particulars as supplied by our informant. It may be as well to state that he expired at twenty minutes past six on Saturday evening, at the age of fifty-one years.

In a rapid memoir of this distinguished native of India, there will be found much to interest the reader. His claim of high descent from one of the five Brahmins who several centuries back visited Bengal to celebrate rites which their inferior brethren were unable to perform, is a fact well authenticated in the books of the religion and laws at present believed in by the Hindoos. It has, therefore, never been doubted that Dwarkanauth Tagore was a noble of the highest rank in his country; and if any other proof was requisite it is in the acknowledged fact that he refused the title of rajah or prince, offered by a Governor-General of India, because it only nominally added rank in the eyes of foreigners. He likewise declined a knighthood on his first visit to Europe. It is necessary to allude to those facts, inasmuch as, through misapprehension, the late lamented Hindoo had been styled with the attributes of royal highness, prince, &c. The claim that this illustrious personage has on the present generation is for his unbounded philanthropy. No reference to creed stayed his purse in the cause of charity.—In the advancement of education—in the promotion of colleges, whether for native or Christian; and his name will be proudly associated with all the noble institutions flourishing in Calcutta. He had an extraordinary power of self-control, far beyond those participating in his own religion, to illustrate which we have only to instance his devoted encouragement to surgery. When the college for Hindoo youths for the study of anatomy was opened, Dwarkanauth was personally present, and witnessed the dissection of a subject, an abhorrence of the gravest nature in the eyes of the bigot portion of India; and nobly staid, though sick at heart and body, he instinctively felt, for no other motive than that he conceived he was furthering the advancement of science, and doing a duty to mankind. He went through the ordeal with an unflinching nerve, which had its weight with those of his own particular religion who were there on the occasion.

He lived just long enough to witness the fruits of his triumphant energy in the brilliant success of his two native (Hindoo) students in the University of London, who last week passed through the College of Surgeons. They were sent to this country, and wholly maintained at his sole expense.

To conclude this brief notice of a man so distinguished by universal application towards good, and who will be long remembered as the greatest ornament of civilised India under British rule, we have but to remark that, not merely content with the pleasures of travelling and sight-seeing to extend his already extended information, he laboured hard to acquire the language of France as a passport to those of Europe, and also took delight in the various accomplishments of society, especially that of singing, and more particularly Italian and English music. Had his life been spared he promised to become no mean amateur. In the Town-hall of Calcutta the inhabitants, both native and European, in testimony of their regard, had his portrait painted by Say; and in further honour to the illustrious deceased, at the same time they voted his portrait by public subscription, authorised a marble bust of their benefactor to be executed by Wecker to grace that hall which the public virtues and talents of Lord Metcalfe caused to be erected to his memory. No public undertaking was ever braced in India without Dwarkanauth Tagore being a large contributor; no mercantile establishments ever required aid in money, or counsel in their transactions, that he did not come forward as a civilised and military man, and attest his generosity. Strangers call testify to the unbounded hospitality, and artists of Europe cannot be proud that some of the noblest statuary of Gibson, paintings of the old and modern masters, are placed in his

galleries, and add to the beauties of his garden palace. The taste and munificence of the benevolent Hindoo are spoken of far and wide. Truly may it be said of him that such faults as he had were of his country's prejudices; but his virtues were his own: in the words of Cicero, "Tu frater, tu pater, tu amicus, tu bonus civis, tu vere princeps." His country has sustained a moral loss, which in some generations may be retrieved; but in the opinion of those who know India it is considered doubtful if ever there be his like again.

It is said by those who know his affairs well, that the landed property of the late Baboo is next in extent to the dominions of the Rajah of Burdwar, and pay nearly 10 lacs of revenue to the East India Company yearly.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

MASTER'S APPARATUS FOR FREEZING CREAM AND WATER ICES, &c.—This extremely ingenious and useful invention ought to be generally known. It is one of the most convenient domestic instruments that has been introduced for many years. Its advantages are cheapness and rapidity of action. It is cleanly in its appearance and character, and does not require the use of acid. Several pounds of water are converted by it into solid ice in eleven minutes, and dessert ices in two minutes. Another ingenious invention of Mr. Master is a preserving and cooling apparatus, a sort of ice safe, in which meat, butter, wine, or water may be kept at a temperature of ice in the hottest weather, without trouble or mess of any kind.

WATER ELEVATOR.—Dr. Spargan, of Guildford-street, Russell-square, London, presented to the council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a working model of a machine invented for the purpose of raising water out of shallow cavities in land, and applying it in a continuous stream for any required object.

TREATMENT FOR CHOLERA.—Having had some sad experience of this mortal malady, when it formerly struck terror among us, we will venture most earnestly to recommend the following application to any individuals who may show symptoms tending to the danger, or be actually exposed to it. My present plan of treatment in the prevalent complaint of this autumn is.—In cases of simple vomiting, not bilious, to exhibit an emetic, and I consider two table-spoonfuls of mustard in warm water the best. In cases of vomiting and bowel complaint combined, I give ten grains of calomel with one of opium; and if the symptoms continue, an emetic as above, followed soon after by another powder of calomel and opium; placing, at the same time, a strong mustard poultice on the pit of the stomach. If the symptoms continue, administer every half hour effervescent draughts of soda twenty grains and tartaric acid fifteen grains. When there are cramps and spasms, twenty drops of aromatic spirits of hartshorn to the same quantity of laudanum taken in water; and when there is difficulty of breathing, add to the draught ten drops of nitrous ether.—*Literary Gazette*.

THE SPEAKING AUTOMATON.—Numerous attempts have been made from time to time to produce an instrument capable of imitating with any degree of accuracy the tones of the human voice, but until now without success. The difficulty of the task can be rightly estimated only by those who have given attention to it. Great as it is, however, it has been overcome to an extent that could hardly have been expected by the inventor of an automaton, now exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, Mr. Faber, a German, who according to his own statement, has devoted more than twenty-five years to its construction. By means of hollow pipes, valves, and stops, it is made to articulate the letters of the alphabet, the numbers, and any sentences the operator pleases. It is unquestionably a great advance on all former attempts in the same direction, and deserves to be visited by all who are in search of novelty. Interested in a practical tendency, or willing to reward ingenuity and skill.—*The Builder*.

HYPERTHERMIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—Dr. Cartwright states that bark of yucca is a certain specific for typhoid fever. He has tested it in the last stages of that dreadful disorder, and never knew it fail, given in doses of two large spoonfuls every two hours.

SUBMARINE FLAX.—A late Adelaide journal states that in deepening the entrance to the harbour of Port Adelaide, by the removal of part of the bar, amongst other natural curiosities which have been brought to light is a considerable abundance of a kind of submarine flax, said to bear some resemblance to the *Phormium tenax* of New Zealand after it has undergone some part of the manufacturing process.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.—July 20.—A paper was read by M. Gaudichard, in which the author, replying to M. Papey's statement that the disease in the potato, so prevalent last year, has made its appearance to a considerable extent this year also, declares that the potato crop generally is good, and that the early potatoes of 1846 are excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. A paper was received from M. Bouchardat on the culture of the vine and the fabrication of wine. The author gives hints as to the kinds of vine proper for different soils, and the mode of cultivating them; and speaks also of various other vegetable productions from which wine might be made. The melon, he says, is one of the best; it yields an excellent white wine, which will keep for several centuries, and, properly cultivated, may be made to render a handsome profit. M. Boussingault made a communication on the much-disputed point of the presence of sulphur in electricity. It is generally stated that an odour of sulphur accompanies the electric fluid. This, however, has been positively denied by many natural philosophers. M. Boussingault concludes, from some experiments on metallic substances which had been exposed to the action of the electric fluid, that sulphur is always present in such cases; but that it is not in the state of sulphurous acid, but of sulphydric acid. There were several communications on railroad matters, with reference to the late paper of M. Seguin.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Harveian Oration, delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, London, June 27, 1846. By JOHN ELLIOTSON, M.D. With an English Version and Notes. London: Baillière.

A FEW weeks since we recorded the courageous vindication of Mesmerism by Dr. ELLIOTSON in the presence of the Royal College of Physicians, and the unexpected approval with which his bold observations were received by his audience. That Lecture is now published, with an English translation. In a brief preface Dr. ELLIOTSON says, "I have published it in this form, because I considered it my duty to declare my conviction of the truth of Mesmerism before the assembled members of the College of Physicians, and am anxious that the public should know the fact." Honour to the moral bravery that will utter its convictions when occasion demands! It may be feared and hated, but it will ever command respect.

Dr. ELLIOTSON has added some notes to his Lecture, one of which will very much interest our readers. It is a copy of an original letter addressed by Mesmer to the Royal College of Physicians on the occasion of his presenting to its library one of his works. It shews that he was not the charlatan his enemies represented, but a philosopher seeking to turn and promulgate the truth.

Paris, March 28, 1802.
F. A. Mesmer, M.D. to the Royal College of Physicians, London.

Gentlemen,—Persuaded that the knowledge and fate of a truth destined to become the essential object of your profession cannot be indifferent to you, I have the honour to lay before you, in the present memoir, a sketch of a doctrine which I term Animal Magnetism, and of the extent of its utility. You will readily perceive that the new method of treatment that I propose is not blind empiricism or a peculiar secret; but that the possibility and successful practice of it are proved by a theory which is founded in nature. When Galileo was persecuted for having wished to teach his contemporaries the motion of the earth, his condemnation was not pronounced by the philosophers and astronomers of his day, but by priests, who, filled with veneration for the Scriptures, thought,

with at least an appearance of reason, that his assertions were impious, and tended to oppose revelation. He had no facts to offer to his judges, but only calculations and combinations unintelligible to them. The condemnation, however, of this philosopher fixed the character of ignorance and barbarism upon his age.

Will posterity believe that, at the end of the eighteenth century, an assembly, appointed to receive useful discoveries, disdained to examine the memoir which I presented to them,—that, instead of paying attention to a subject, the utility of which was shewn by innumerable facts in all parts of France, they entirely neglected it by the advice of a physician interested in depreciating it, and who adopted as the ground-work of his report the fragment of the report of an irregular commission of the ancient régime, which had been broken up and destroyed above sixteen years before, and the last king of which had forbidden its promulgation as immoral? After an examination so slight and superficial, instead of a direct answer, which I had a right to expect, they informed the world, in a periodical, that they considered my assertions quackery, and animal magnetism a folly, the practice of which was contrary to morality. If, gentlemen, I had come among you to propose an agent upon the nerves, for want of which medicine is often at fault; if I had submitted to you the examination of the nature and application of my doctrine; if I had proved to you by facts, multiplied at pleasure, the reality and efficacy of a new method, not only of curing, but of preventing diseases; if I had been eager to place in your hands all the means afforded by my discoveries and experience; if I had shewn you that this doctrine, which elevates the situation of the physician, must at some future time be established in the bosom of society, not to lead to the practice of an uncertain art, but to the employment of a remedy which will secure to it the title of preserver of health;—if I had come among you with all these facts and all these proofs, to propose to establish before your eyes a practical rivalry between my method of cure and that which has been hitherto employed, you would not have repelled me as an enemy, you would not have overwhelmed me with insult and contempt, you would not have considered the blows given to my reputation and the hindrances opposed to the progress of my opinions as a triumph. You would, I am certain, have behaved more generously; you would have wished the infallible torch of repeated experiment to have enlightened your decision: and your countrymen would have blessed you as their true friend and as depositaries worthy of their confidence. Mesmer, said one of your newspapers, will never hold up his head again. If such is the destiny of the man, it is not the destiny of the truth, which is in its nature imperishable, and will shine forth sooner or later in the same or some other country with more brilliancy, and in its triumph will annihilate all its miserable detractors. Gentlemen, this cause, which I may term the cause of humanity, is undamaged in England, where the discovery has not yet been proclaimed. I place it to-day in your hands, because I feel assured that the spirit of justice which influences all your actions will secure it from that party spirit which has so outraged it upon the continent, and which you are destined to avenge.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF SYMPATHY OF TASTE.

3, Cullen's Wood, Dublin, March 30.

On my return late this evening, I found Pat Kelly, an intelligent Irishman, lying very ill upon the sofa. His own impression was that he should die. He had been under medical treatment for blindness: his sight was restored, but his health was very fluctuating. To-night he could not raise his head from his pillow. I made a few passes from the head, and he began to sit up, and put his feet down. "Now, my good fellow, your head is better. Come, look up, you will soon be well." After about ten minutes of very gentle action, I sent him away, telling him to come to-morrow evening. This man's head was in that disturbed state, that he raved all night during sleep, told all his affairs, and arose in the morning extremely weary and unfit for his employment.

31st.—Had had a quiet night. Said that he felt as he went home he could have walked forty miles, and his head was so light and comfortable he could have "skipped over the moon." Three light passes fixed his hand to the wall—my will set it free again. Three light passes fixed both hands to the back

of a chair, so that no effort could remove them—my will released them. I told him to stand "straight upright;" I went behind him, made two or three passes from the nape of the neck down the course of the spine to the ground; he was in that state of rigidity no power could have bent him. I passed my hands down his arms—they were perfectly cataplexed, and also his fingers. The poor man was quite horrified: he had never seen any one magnetised. We asked him to take five shillings off the table, and it should be his own. He said, "Och! I could not for 500*l.* move a finger." I caused perfect deafness by once pointing to his ears. Poor man, he had only his eyes; and he told us afterwards he was afraid of trying if he could move them, lest they were gone too. Two or three transverse passes brought him right. I now consoled him, and told him, his head would be better, he would find himself strong. He sat down, and in about seven minutes went into a magnetic trance. I thought I could prove sympathy of taste and smell upon him, and requested my friend to let me have some whiskey. The moment I held the glass to my nose he smelt it; as I drank, he drank. I excited ideality and tune—he said he was dancing with a lady he had not seen for years. I added locality—he said he was in Liverpool, and that a friend of his, a fiddler, he had not seen for eight years, was playing. I then took a smelling-bottle containing strong salts: the sensation was sharper than I had prepared myself for; the man started from the pain and awoke. "What did you wake me up for; I was in the merriest company I ever was in in all my life. I was in a music club, and was dancing and singing." He said he was choked with whiskey. "How came you to drink so much whiskey?" "I don't know, but it is in my throat strong enough to choke any man." He went down stairs, telling the family that he had been drinking whiskey in his sleep; and that he felt quite intoxicated. They did not know what had happened up stairs, and believed he had drunk the whiskey. He left the house. Came the next day, declaring that he was so tipsy all the way home; he felt the effect of the whiskey, and went to bed. We did not deceive him. He had not tasted the whiskey himself. I tried him with beer, salt, sugar, and other things: he was affected in the same way, and found the flavour long after he was awake. He now says, "Thank you ma'am; you have made quite a young man of me. I am strong enough for my work now."

This was a singularly rapid cure; but I judged it was a disease chiefly upon the nervous temperament, so that he was quickly put to rights.

April 9.—Mrs. —, an elderly lady, very corpulent, was lying on the sofa, too weak to sit up. Took her hands—she presently felt a suffusive mist passing upwards, and gathering towards her eyes. In great alarm she raised her eyes towards heaven—"Oh, blessed Jesu! Jesu! let me live a little longer. Oh, Jesu! (crossing herself) help pity upon me!" I soon pacified her, and partially disengaged her, and then again threw the influence upon her. The instant she felt the current her alarms arose, tremor took her, she became flattered, and I desisted. The next day she sent word that the pain in her side was gone; her throat was well; but she *dare* not be magnetized again. Her husband brought her message, and assured us he was so frightened he did not know what to do, and he was sure he had something to do with "Magna Charta," and he could not allow his dear wife to be bewitched. What analogy was in this gentleman's mind between magnetism and Magna Charta I could not comprehend, unless it was that both words began with Mag. However, his conduct is a fair specimen of the state of science in Dublin; for his knowledge of English history was but akin to his knowledge of magnetism, of both of which he evidently knew nothing. The public have been called together to witness *feats* of "mesmeric" power, but no theory has been given in any public lecture at Dublin. The science is scouted, because it has been shewn in a most unwarrantable manner, and the real curative use never employed. Most cruel instances of sport and injury I have to record perpetrated on poor creatures when in this state, unconscious to bodily pain. One poor man who came to me had been travelling through Ireland with an American, who got up lectures and created no end of "fun" by exhibiting young persons while in the abnormal state. This man had his legs cut with sabres, his forehead made a "pincushion" of (his own word), and burning plai-

ters put upon his cheeks; so that, when he awoke, for several days after his head was all in a rash. His hands were tied behind him, combatively exerted; he fell upon an iron rail, struck the bridge of his nose, and was injured for a long time after. Another time he was made to take a leap, and, suddenly actuated by fresh impulses, he fell backwards, and has now a deep scar upon the back of his head caused by this "fun" they had with him in the barrack-yard somewhere near Kilkenny. When the man came to me his eyes were turned; his nervous system so deranged, he had the manner and appearance of an idiot. I magnetized him completely several times, and found he was a beautiful mental traveller. Any place I sent him to he described most accurately, persons who were there, conversations, and every particular. I sent him to places I had never seen, and where he had never been; and we had proofs that he was correct, for the parties to whom we sent him came home that same evening, and corroborated poor Ned's statement. He played well at cards with double cloth blinkers over his eyes, while I held my hand and handkerchief closely pressing his eyes. He amused himself with pictures, and told the clock, describing every person and thing about him. He was a very interesting clairvoyant after his health was improved.—Query: Would the hand of a gentleman, a stranger to this lad, cause him to fail in clairvoyance, if he persisted in pressing closely upon the eyes as I did?—This is an important question, since it was a fact that although the young man had seen minute objects distinctly, in the presence of several witnesses, for several evenings, yet, when called upon to do the same another evening, he said he could not see at all; he could neither see with the candles nor in the darkened room. The favour of an answer to this question will oblige. He was also an excellent medical clairvoyant.

Mary —, servant, an active, amiable person; in her waking state a few passes would produce total rigidity. When asleep she quickly tasted food in my mouth. "The tea was sweet enough but not strong enough; the bread wanted butter; the Indian corn was so rough, so gritty, she would have no more of it." Vinegar in which onions had been steeped; "I don't like onions." I excited myself; she began to cry. "What's the matter?" "The poor old woman's house is fallen down." "What house?" "There is a poor old woman lives near my uncle, just under a rocky hill; the rain poured down in torrents at ten o'clock last night; the cottage was nearly washed away; the poor old woman came to my uncle's in the night to ask him to let her in; now she has no place to be in, because the cottage is down; they are all glad it is down; she had a right to live in it as long as she could, but they always wanted it from her, and now she has no one to help her; she was nearly starved, but then she had this cabin; now it is washed down." This is a true picture of the distressed state of the country people, but told during sleep it had a most touching effect.

Mrs. C— falls into a sleep by seeing others. She is remarkably interesting; sometimes very gay and mirthful, sometimes very notable, cutting out caps, adjusting her work bags, &c. but she does not see, it is all done by feeling. She is an excellent medical clairvoyant; magnetizes beautifully in her sleep; enters into deep theory respecting the magnetic influence and fluids, and might be extremely valuable in propounding many questions which are at present so very mysterious. She is usually in a very happy state, and is cured of her own malady, which has been a great affliction to her. She is now becoming a clever magnetizer, and acts chiefly by will, without reading or study! It appears to have arisen intuitively in her, since she has been so frequently magnetized herself.

Swelling of the face cured and dissipated in three-quarters of an hour.—Entered a friend's house, found her in a state of fever from a severe attack of tooth-ache and inflammation, which she had had two days. After making passes over the upper jaw, and drawing the pains down towards the shoulder, she said the pain was more in the neck. I put her to sleep in a few minutes; she slept three-quarters of an hour. I worked upon the cheek all the time; the face became pale; the swelling went down; her mother stood by and witnessed the extraordinary fact. When she woke she took some warm tea, and accompanied me to evening lecture. Her face was pale and perfectly even. She has had darting pains since, but no swelling. This was one of the most remarkable instances of

the effect of local magnetism. She had had no sleep for two nights from the severity of the pain, and was, therefore, quite ill. *Young man with diseased great toe; right foot.*—This was a patient of one of the first medical men in Dublin. He had pronounced that his toe must be taken off; but the man had tried herb-medicines before he consented to the amputation, and his toe was so far recovered that he could walk upon it. In less than five minutes he went into a deep sleep, unconscious of sound and touch. We tested the sleep. I magnetized the toe, leading the disease into magnetized water. It was astonishing to perceive the cool and refreshing result. He woke in about an hour, expressing himself very grateful. I have many other cases, more or less interesting; but in these we have examples of several different effects.

LAVINIA JONES.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

233. WIDOW OF OFFSPRING OF THOMAS BEAZLEY, formerly footman in a respectable family in Guilford-street, Russell-square. *Something to advantage.*

236. WIFE OF WILLIAM PIPPAUD, Esq. died 29th Nov. 1834; supposed to have left it with some person for safety.

237. NEXT OF KIN OF ROBERT M'KEY, late a seaman belonging to the merchant ship *Pyramus*, who died at Batavia 25th Dec. 1833. *Something to advantage.*

238. NEXT OF KIN OF THE REV. SPENCER ARDEN, late of Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, clerk; (died 22nd Oct. 1833).

239. HEIR-AT-LAW AND NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH JANE NEVENHAM, late wife William Burton Nevenham, late of North Bank, Regent's Park; formerly SARAH JANE WABING, spinster, of Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin (died 4th May 1831).

240. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN WALKER, late of Castle-street, in the parish of St. Saviour, Southwark, hat manufacturer (died March 1802).

241. MR. BRADBROOK, who was in 1832 a partner in a retail store at Bowers, New York, U. S. *Something to advantage.*

242. SARAH GRIFFIN (legatee in will of Hannah Stent, spinster), who was in service of Mr. Cotterell, of Gracechurch-street, and also of Camberwell Grove, linen draper. *Something to advantage.*

243. HEIR-AT-LAW OF MRS. MARY JOWSE, late of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, who died some time in the year 1797. *Something to advantage.*

244. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS PHAROE, of Millbank-street, Westminster, brewer (died 22nd March 1826). *Something to advantage.*

245. NEXT OF KIN OF PETER WINKLER, who formerly lived at Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, and afterwards in Duke-street, Bloomsbury (died January 1838). *Something to advantage.*

246. NEXT OF KIN OF ELIZABETH CROWHURST, late of Little George-street; Royal Hospital-row, Chelsea, widow of William Crowhurst, formerly of Paradise-row, Chelsea, agent; (died 23rd Oct. 1833).

247. RELATIVES OR NEXT OF KIN OF ANN POWER, late of Whitechapel-workhouse, spinster; (died April 1834). *Something to advantage.*

248. NEXT OF KIN OF REBECCA WORTHINGTON CALLOW, late of Castor Mills, county of Northampton, spinster; (died August 1828), or their representatives.

249. NEXT OF KIN OF ROBERT SALMON, late of Hexham, Northumberland, gent. (died 16th December 1796), or to their representatives.

250. JOHN QUICK, son of John and Phoebe Quick, late of Mile-end, Middlesex, deceased, and who entered a common soldier into the 67th regt. of foot, some years ago, or his representatives. *Something to their advantage.*

251. HEIR-AT-LAW OF MRS. MARY TOWNS, late of the parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, widow (died 1797). *Something to advantage.*

252. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN WILKINSON, otherwise WIL-

KINSON, late of Hounslow, Middlesex, corn chandler (died 25th September, 1794). *Something to advantage.*

253. BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF GEORGE HYDE, a lieutenant in the Bengal Invalid Establishment (died at Monghyr, in Bengal, Oct. 1827); and who was son of John Hyde, by Mary his wife, formerly Mary Wyld, or claiming to be children or grandchildren of the brothers and sisters of the said George Hyde.

254. CHILD OR CHILDREN OF SAMUEL HUNT, the son of, late of Moscow, in Russia, captain in the Russian military service (died 1824 or 1825), or their representatives. And HEIR-AT-LAW OF the said SAMUEL HUNT the son, and of SAMUEL HUNT, his father, also late of Moscow, Doctor of Medicine, and which said Samuel Hunt, the father, was the brother of Charles Hunt, formerly of Soham Toney, county of Norfolk, gent. deceased. (To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CONVEYANCE OF PARCELS BY RAILWAY.

A meeting of the booksellers and stationers of London was held on Saturday at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, to consider the propriety of petitioning the Legislature against certain clauses in the Bills of several railway companies, now before Parliament, authorizing the opening of parcels carried on their lines, and charging a separate carriage for each enclosure.

The LORD MAYOR took the chair at 12 o'clock. There were present the representatives of several of the principal bookselling firms.

The proceedings were opened by the reading of a petition, setting forth the object of the meeting, and detailing the grievance complained of, which it was intended to lay before the House of Commons. The petition commenced with the statement that the business of the petitioners was to supply the retail country booksellers with books and stationery at the wholesale prices; that the business of a retail bookseller, more especially in the provinces, usually included bookselling in all its branches, fancy and other stationery, music, and musical instruments, patent medicines, &c. that to obtain these goods on the most advantageous terms it was necessary for the retail bookseller to open accounts with wholesale dealers in the various branches; that when the retail dealer wanted several of these articles at once he wrote to his correspondents, directing that they should all be sent down in one parcel. It went on to represent that this practice had long existed, had never been objected to by any carriers prior to the introduction of railroads; that several railway companies had already, in former sessions, sought to obtain powers to open parcels and to charge for each enclosure; but that, in consequence of the opposition of the Trades Association, they had withdrawn the objectionable clauses; that now the Bristol, Birmingham, and Midland Railway Company had a Bill before the House, containing (sec. 59) the following clause:—"That it shall not be lawful to include in one packet several parcels of various sorts and intended for various individuals; but that it shall be lawful for the Midland Railway Company to charge separate sums for each such parcel, although many are included in one packet." And the petition, after exposing the injury which, were this clause to be passed, the trade of the petitioners would suffer, the probability of a separate charge frequently exceeding the profit on or the value of the article, and the injustice which would be done to the public at large, concluded with a

prayer that the Legislature would refuse to grant such powers to the Bristol, Birmingham, and Midland, or to any other railway company.

Mr. R. TAYLOR proposed the first resolution:—"That the meeting had heard, with the deepest regret, of the efforts which were being made by railway companies to introduce clauses in their Acts giving powers to open the packages and parcels entrusted to them for conveyance, on the ground that they may contain smaller parcels which ought to be made the subject of separate charge; that the meeting consider such powers would be a most unconstitutional and mischievous interference with the great commercial interests of the country; and that, with that conviction, the meeting most cordially adopted the petition." A great deal was heard in Parliament about the necessity of educating the people. Now he would ask, how could the people be better educated than by the circulation of books and periodicals; and if every facility to that circulation were removed, what greater bar could they put to popular education? Cheapness was the great desideratum in books; and books could not be cheap if the trade were hampered by such restrictions as those against which they were met to petition.

Mr. J. STONEMAN briefly seconded the resolution, and on being put to the meeting it was carried unanimously.

Mr. S. RIDDLE proposed, and Mr. A. WILSON seconded, the next resolution,—"That the Right Hon. Lord J. Russell be requested to present the petition to the House of Commons, and to support the prayer thereof."—Carried unanimously.

Mr. J. RICHARDSON moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, and took the opportunity of thanking the press generally, but more particularly *The Times*, for the manner in which it had pointed out what he would call a gross imposition.

The motion having been seconded by Mr. S. OKR, and the CHAIRMAN having in a few words replied, the meeting separated.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT; ENGLAND AND PRUSSIA.

The following is an abstract of the convention between her Majesty and the King of Prussia for the establishment of international copyright. It was signed at Berlin, May 13; and the ratifications were exchanged at Berlin, June 16, 1846:—

Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and his Majesty the King of Prussia, being desirous of extending to works of literature and the fine arts, which may be first published in either of the two states, the same privileges in the other state, in regard to copyright, which are enjoyed by similar works first published in such other state; and her Britannic Majesty having consented to facilitate the introduction into her dominions of books and prints published in Prussia, by a reduction of the duties at present imposed by law on the importation thereof; their said Majesties have resolved to conclude a convention for these purposes.

Article I.—The authors of books, dramatic works, or musical compositions, and the inventors, designers, or engravers of prints, and articles of sculpture; and the authors, inventors, designers, or engravers of any other works whatsoever of literature and the fine arts, shall enjoy in the other the same privilege of copyright as would by law be enjoyed by the author, inventor, designer, or engraver of a similar work, if first published in such other state; together with the same legal remedies and protection against piracy and unauthorised republication.

Their lawful representatives or assigns shall, in all these respects, be treated on the same footing as the authors, inventors, designers, or engravers themselves.

Article II.—No person shall, in either country, be entitled to the protection stipulated by the preceding article, unless the work in respect of which copyright is claimed shall have been registered by the original producer, or by his lawful representatives or assigns, in the manner following:—

1. If the work be one that has first appeared in the dominions of His Majesty the King of Prussia, it must have been registered in the register book of the Company of Stationers in London.

2. If the work be one that has first appeared in the dominions of Her Britannic Majesty, it must have been registered in the catalogue to be kept for that purpose at the office of His Prussian Majesty's Minister for Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medical Affairs.

Article III.—The authors of dramatic and musical works which shall have been first publicly represented or performed in either of the two countries, as well as the lawful representatives

or assigns of such authors, shall likewise be protected in regard to the public representation or performance of their works in the other country, to the full extent in which native subjects would be protected in respect of dramatic and musical works first represented or performed in such country; provided they shall previously have duly registered their copyright in the offices mentioned in the preceding article, in conformity with the laws of the respective states.

Article IV.—In lieu of the rates of duty which may at any time, during the continuance of this convention, be payable upon the importation into the United Kingdom of foreign books, prints, and drawings, there shall be charged upon the importation of books, prints, or drawings, published within the dominions of Prussia, and legally importable into the United Kingdom, only the rates of duty specified in the table hereto annexed; that is to say:—

Duties on Books, viz.:	
Works originally produced in the United Kingdom, and republished in Prussia, the cwt.	£2 10 0
Works not originally produced in the United Kingdom, the cwt.	0 15 0

Prints or Drawings.	
Plain or coloured, single, each	0 0 04
Bound or sewed, the dozen	0 0 14

Article V.—It is agreed that stamps shall be provided according to a pattern to be made known to the Custom-house officers of the United Kingdom, and that the municipal or other authorities of the several towns in Prussia shall affix such stamps to all books intended for exportation to the United Kingdom. And no books shall, for the purposes of this convention, so far as the same relates to the rates of duty at which such books are to be entered, be deemed to have been published in Prussia, except such as appear by their title-page to have been published at some town or place within the dominions of Prussia, and which have been duly stamped by the proper municipal or other authority of any such town or place.

Article VI.—Nothing in this convention shall be construed to affect the right of either of the two high contracting parties to prohibit the importation into its own dominions of such books as, by its internal law, or under its treaties with other states, are declared to be piracies, or infringements of copyright.

Article VII.—In case either of the two high contracting parties shall conclude a treaty of international copyright with any third power, a stipulation similar to that contained in the preceding article shall be inserted in such treaty.

Article VIII.—Those German states which, together with Prussia, compose the customs and commercial union, or which may hereafter join the said union, shall have the right of acceding to the present convention, &c.

Article IX.—The present convention shall come into operation on the 1st of September, 1846. It shall remain in force for five years from that date; and further, until the expiration of a year's notice, which may be given by either party, at any time after the 1st September, 1851.

Article X.—This present convention shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Berlin, at the expiration of two months, or sooner if possible.

Protocol signed by the two plenipotentiaries on the conclusion of the preceding convention.

The undersigned plenipotentiaries of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and of his Majesty the King of Prussia, met together this day in order to sign the treaty drawn up on the basis of the negotiations which have taken place for the reciprocal protection of the rights of authors against piracy and unauthorised reproduction.

The two original copies of the treaty having been examined and found to correspond in form and contents with the concerted stipulations, the plenipotentiaries proceeded to sign the same, under the following conditions: such conditions, though not appearing of a nature to be admitted into the text of the treaty, nevertheless to be considered on the ratification of the treaty, as thereby agreed to and ratified:—

1. With respect to Article II.—Both Governments engage that the fees which may at any time be levied for the registering of a single work in the register book of the Company of Stationers in London, or in the catalogue of the office of his Prussian Majesty's Minister for Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medical Affairs, shall not exceed the sum of 1s. sterling, or of 10 silver groschen, as has been already declared on the part of Great Britain in a letter from the Board of Trade of the 2nd of April 1844: Letter E.

2. With reference to the same article: The delivery of a copy gratuitously shall take place in Great Britain at the Stationers' Company, in London, and in Prussia at the office of the Minister of Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medical Affairs at Berlin.

3. With reference to Article IV.—Both Governments agree that the duty on musical works imported from Prussia into Great

Britain shall not be greater than the duty on books imported from Prussia into Great Britain.

4. With reference to Article V.—It is understood that the stamping agreed to in this article will be confined to books and musical works (according to the interpretation of the word "books" given in Article II. of the Act of Parliament, 5 and 6 Victoria, cap. 45, of the 1st of July, 1842); whereas all other objects mentioned in Article I. of the convention this day signed, will not require to be stamped in order to enable them to be imported into Great Britain at the rate of duty fixed for these objects by Article IV. of the present treaty.

Done at Berlin, May 13, 1846.

(L.S.) WESTMORELAND.
(L.S.) CANITZ.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—On Friday week 45,000*l.* were granted by the House of Commons to defray the annual expenses of the British Museum. Mr. Hume threw out some valuable suggestions for the improved government and management of that institution: He observed how irresponsible the high body of the trustees (chiefly great official and overwrought personages) were, and how the direction thus fell into the hands of a few of the less elevated members who had time to attend, and who, in fact, ruled the Museum. He earnestly recommended the appointment of a board of another character, as advised by a committee of the House ten years ago. He was also for throwing the place more open to the public, and for allowing it to be visited, as well as the gin-shops, on Sundays—a competition which might effect much moral good. Mr. Ewart followed in the same course of remark; and in regard to the library, suggested that the duplicates enforced by law should be sent to form other establishments of the same kind in Westminster, Marylebone, Finsbury, and Lambeth—a hint which seems likely to be acted upon. 10,000*l.* of the above 45,000*l.* is destined for the purchase of old books to render the library more complete.

SALE OF COINS AND MEDALS.—The Campana collection now selling at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's, has already produced near 3,000*l.* It has evidently been formed with much taste and judgment, and is certainly the finest and most extensive that has been brought to the public competition since the disposal of the Devonshire and Thomas cabinets. Its proprietor, the living learned archaeologist, Cavaliere Campana of Rome, whose Etruscan antiquities are superior in interest to any other in Italy, determined on the present sale of his coins, to confine his attention to the study of Etruscan archaeology, his more favourite pursuit. A great many of the coins now selling are inédited as yet, which renders them highly valuable; and a multitude of others are of almost equal interest, especially in the Roman large brass series, which cannot be surpassed, generally speaking, by the *medailler* of a private gentleman in any part of Europe. All the medals which relate to the province of Britain, or of Judea, under the Romans, have found favour, that is, good prices, from our numismatists and antiquaries in general. In dismissing this notice, we subjoin the prices of a few important lots, and shall refer to the collection when the sale is ended next week. Lot 316, a coin of Titus, with the Coliseum, 7*l.* 10*s.*; lot 321, Domitian, 9*l.*; both these were in brass, as also the fine unpublished coin of the Emperor Domitia, which only brought 16*l.*, though valued by the great writer Mionnet, at 22*l.*, as stated in the Campana catalogue made by Mr. Curt the antiquarian, and purchaser of lot 605, a medallion of Annus Verus and Commodus, almost unique, for 36*l.*, being the highest price produced by any lot at present. A "pearl of great beauty" was lot 346 (30*l.*), a most fine and beautifully patinated medallion, the finest gem in the series, representing Hadrian; reverse, Hercules sacrificing, &c. A silver denarius of Galba; reverse, Narbonne, Lyons, and Aquitaine, the three Roman provinces personified. Lot 373 brought 8*l.* 8*s.*; it was bought by Mr. Gouaux, a French lawyer. All the rare Greek coins in silver, and bronze medallions, produced very high prices; and it is but common justice to Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson to say, that the very great pains they took with each separate lot, tended to and did bring the best prices from the buyers.

Lord John Russell has conveyed to Mr. Wilderspin, in the following letter, the sense which her Majesty entertains of his claims and services:—"Chesham-place, July 16, 1846.—Sir,—I have received her Majesty's commands to place your name on the list of pensions to deserving persons charged

upon the Queen's civil list, for a yearly sum of one hundred pounds. It gives me great pleasure to convey the Queen's gracious wish that you will accept this testimony to your services as the founder and promoter of infant schools.—I remain, your obedient servant, J. RUSSELL. — Wilderspin, esq. Barton-upon-Humber."

Mrs. Lockhart, sister-in-law to the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, has been admitted into the Roman Catholic Church. The widow and family of the late John William Bowden, to whom the second volume of Mr. Newman's *Parochial Sermons* was inscribed, have entered the pale of the Roman Church.—*Cambridge Advertiser*.

A subscription has, we understand, been set on foot, for the purpose of acknowledging the services rendered to the newspaper press by the late Mr. S. Blackburn, one of the editors of the *Globe*—by means of a small fund to be presented to the widow whom his death has left poorly provided with the means of maintenance. The special plea put forward is, that of Mr. Blackburn's services "at the period (1844) when *qui tam* actions were brought against a great many London and country newspapers, to recover penalties for advertising foreign lotteries. After several meetings of the proprietors concerned, a suggestion of Mr. Blackburn, conveyed through Mr. Chapman, was adopted; and, in consequence, a deputation waited upon Sir James Graham, to satisfy that minister that the insertion of the advertisements in question was made in entire ignorance of its illegality. Sir James took a liberal view of the case; and, under his sanction, a bill of indemnity was promptly passed through Parliament, which saved the newspapers implicated from the heavy penalties to which they had unconsciously subjected themselves."—*Athenæum*.

THE LATE EX-KING OF HOLLAND.—The Count de St. Lieu, ex-King of Holland, who died on the 25th ult. had three children by his marriage with Hortense de Beauharnais, the adopted daughter of Napoleon, viz. Napoleon Charles, who died in 1807; Napoleon Louis, who died in 1834; and Charles Louis Napoleon, who was imprisoned at Ham. The ex-King was placed on the throne of Holland in 1806, and reigned four years, when he abdicated, in consequence, as was generally said, of the Emperor Napoleon refusing to permit him to rule in the interest of his subjects. He was fond of literature, and published, in 1820, several historical documents. In 1808, he wrote a pretty romance, entitled "*Marie, ou les peines de l'amour*."

THE SCOTCH PRESS.—The annual dinner of gentlemen connected with the Scottish press took place lately, in the Star and Garter Hotel, Linlithgow. The attendance was numerous, and comprised gentlemen from various parts of Scotland. The duties of the chair were ably discharged by Mr. Pagan, of Glasgow, and those of the croupier by Mr. Smith, Edinburgh. The afternoon was spent in the most agreeable manner. Representatives were present from the *Glasgow Herald*, *Courier*, *Argus*, and *Scottish Guardian*; from the *Edinburgh Scotsman*, *Witness*, *Courant*, *Advertiser*, *Chronicle*, and *North British Advertiser*; and from the *Fife Herald* and *Fifehire Journal*.—*Scotsman*.

From Vienna, we learn that the Emperor has nominated the Archduke John—author of some works on the military sciences, which have a great reputation—president of the new Imperial and Royal Academy of Sciences, which he has recently created in that capital.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Aug. 1 to Aug. 8.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Æchylus Prometheus Chained, translated, in English Verse, by G. C. Swayne, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* swd.

- Bagster's English Hexapla, new edition, medium 4to. 2l. 2s. cl.; royal 4to. 3l. 3s.—Bridge's (Rev. C.) Exposition of the 119th Psalm, 18th edition, 12mo. 7s. cl.
- D'Aubigné's (P.) Colonists and Manufactures in the West Indies, 8vo. 5s. swd.—D'Aubigné's (Dr.) History of the Reformation of the 16th Century, by H. White, People's edition, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.—Denison's (W.) Cricketer's Companion for 1846, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Dugdale's Monasticon Amplicum, enlarged, by Caley, &c. 8 vols. folio, 250 plates, 31l. 10s. half bd.—Duffy's Library of Ireland, Vol. XIII. "Meehan's (Rev. C. P.) Confederation of Kilkenny," 18mo. 1s. swd.
- Fasciculus Inscriptionum Græcorum, edidit J. K. Bailie, S.T.P. Vol II. small 4to. 24s. cl.
- Greaves, (R. N.) Tarquin and the Consul, a Tragedy, 12mo. 3s. 6d. swd.—Gilbert's Junior Atlas for Schools, Index of 9,000 places, royal 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.
- Hook's (Rev. Dr.) Book of Family Prayer, 5th edition, 18mo. 2s. cl.
- Indian Railways, by an Old Indian Postmaster, 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.
- Joe Miller's Jests, new edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Judah's Lion, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 3rd edition, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Johnstone's (Mrs. Ann, late of Greenock) Memoirs, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
- Kennedy's (C. J.) Nature and Revelation Harmonious, 18mo. 1s. cl.
- Léa's (W.) Synoptical Tables of the French Sounds, 4to. 6s. bds.—Lunn's (H. C.) Musings of a Musician, 12mo. 3s. cl.
- Moore's (Geo.) The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind, post 8vo. 9s. cl.—Murray's Colonial Library, Vol. XVII. "Sale's Brigade" and "Letters from Madras," post 8vo. 6s. cl.
- Nesbit's (A.) Treatise on Practical Arithmetic, Part II. 12mo. 7s. 6d. roan: The Key to Ditto, 12mo. 7s. roan.
- Perils by Land and Sea: a Narrative of the loss of the brig *Australia*, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Peschel's (C. F.) Elements of Physics, translated from the German, with notes, by E. West, Part II. Imponderable Bodies, 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. 13s. 6d. cl.—Potter's (Richard, A.M.) Elementary Treatise on Mechanics, 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Pugin's (A. Welby) Glossary of Ecclesiastical Architecture, 73 illuminated plates, 2nd edit. royal 4to. 7l. 7s. h. bd.—Robson's (J., B.A.) Instructive Latin Exercises, with copious Vocabularies, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.
- Sparkes's (G.) Easy Introduction to Chemistry, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Smith's Epitome of Paley's Evidences, 2nd edit. fcap. 8vo. 3s. cl.—Spier's (A.) English and French Dictionary, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Spier's Manual of Commercial Terms, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
- Tiesset's (Madame) Little French Instructor, 12mo. 3s. cl.—Thirlwall's (Bp.) History of Greece, library edit. Vol. III. 8vo. 12s. cl.
- Wardlaw's (Dr. R.) Dissertation on Infant Baptism, 3rd edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Wilson (Thos. esq. Treasurer of Highbury College), Memoir of the Life and Character of, by his Son, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Wilson's (J.) The Book of Inheritance, and Opening of the Seven Seals, the Seven Thunders, &c. 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.—Whalley's (Rev. R. C.) Memoir, illustrated by Select Letters and Sermons, by J. S. Harford, f. cap. 5s. cl.—White's (Rev. Hugh) Practical Reflections on the Second Advent, new edit. f. cap. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.—A gentleman who has occasion to walk with two ladies under one umbrella, should always go in the middle—that secures a dry coat for himself, and is shewing no peculiar partiality to either of the ladies.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GENUINE HAVANNAH CIGARS.

EDWIN WOOD, 59, King William-street, City, begs to inform the admirers of a First-rate HAVANNAH CIGAR, that they will find at this establishment the largest and choicest assortment in London, selected with great care by an experienced Manufacturer in Havana, and consigned direct to the advertiser. The Stock comprises the first qualities from the manufactories of SILVA & CO. Cabana, Woodville, Negrilla, La Union, Regalia, &c.; some very superior Old Principles, Government Manillas, and Planchadas; Bengal and Porto Rico Cheroots, with every other description now in demand. A large and select stock is always kept in bond, from which Gentlemen going abroad can at all times make their own selection.

Annexed is a list of the present prices for cash—

s. d.		s. d.	
18 0	Genuine Havannahs	12s. to 16 0	British Havannahs
22 0	Superior	9s. to 12 0	Porto Rico Cheroots
25 0	Ditto, the finest imported	12 0	Chimurrah, or Bengal, ditto
26 0	Ditto, Old Principles	35 0	King's
15 0	Regalia	28 0	Queen's
12 0	Bengal Cheroots	12 0	The "Far-famed" Old Cut
30 0	Trabucos		

Wholesale, retail, and for exportation.

A Post-office Order is requested with Country orders.

ASTONISHING EFFICACY of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

The Testimony of a Clergyman vouching to Eleven Cases of Cures by these wonderful Pills.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. George Prior, Curate of Mervagh, Letterkenny, Carrigart, Ireland, 10th of January, 1846:—"To Professor Holloway. 'Sir,—I send you a crude list of eleven cases, all cured by the use of your Pills. I cannot exactly give you a professional name to the various complaints, but this I know, some of them baffled the skill of Derry and this county.' In a previous letter this gentleman stated as follows:—"Within a short distance of my house resides a small farmer, who for more than twenty years has been in a bad state of health. Mrs. Prior gave him a box of the Pills, which did him so much good that I heard him say for twenty years past he never ate his food or enjoyed it so much as since taking your Pills. 'G. GEORGE PRIOR.'"

The above reverend and pious gentleman purchased some pounds worth of the pills for the benefit of his poor parishioners.

The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st February, 1845:—"To Professor Holloway. 'Sir,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and at the same time to add, that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the faculty at home, and all over the continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad! I wish to have another box and a pot of the ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.'

"Your most obliged and obedient servant,
(Signed) "ALDBOROUGH."

Sold at the establishment of Professor Holloway, 244, Strand, near Temple-bar, London, and by most respectable druggists and dealers in medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 35s. each box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

COMPOSITION for WRITING with STEEL PENS.—STEPHENS'S WRITING FLUIDS comprise the most splendid and durable colours, and the most indelible compositions, which art can produce; they consist of—

- A Blue Fluid, changing into an intense black colour.
- Patent Unchangeable Blue Fluid, remaining a deep blue colour. Two sorts are prepared, a light and a dark blue.
- A superior Black Ink, of the common character, but more fluid.
- A superior Carmine Red, for contrast writing.
- A Liquid Rouge Carmine, for artists and contrast writing, in glass bottles.
- A Carbonaceous Record Ink, which writes instantly black, and being proof against any chemical agent, is most valuable in the prevention of frauds.

Marking Inks for linen, select steel pens, inkholders.

Prepared by HENRY STEPHENS, the Inventor, No. 54, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, London; and sold by stationers and booksellers, in bottles, at 3d., 6d., 1s. and 3s. each.

CAUTION.—The Unchangeable Blue Fluids are patent articles; the Public are therefore cautioned against imitations, which are infringements; to sell or use which is illegal.

Also, purchasers should see that they are not served with the Blue Black instead of the Unchangeable Blue, as these articles are often confounded.

N.B.—Black Ink, and imitations of the above articles, are constantly being announced as new discoveries, but, on examination, they will be found to have some new name only.

Also to Engineers, Draughtsmen, &c. Stephens's RULING and MECHANICAL DRAWING INK for Engineers, Artists, and Designers. This article will be found superior to the best Indian Ink for the above purposes. It does not smear with India-rubber, or wash off with water. It flows freely from the drawing-pen, and never corrodes or encrusts it. It may be used on a plate or slab, with a camel's-hair brush, diluting it with water, or thickening it by drying, as required. It has the advantage of being ready for immediate use.

Sold in conical-shaped bottles, convenient for using from without any stand, by the inventor, Henry Stephens, 54, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road; and by booksellers and stationers, at 6d. each.

ROWLAND'S UNIQUE PREPARATIONS.

(Under the patronage of the several Sovereigns and Courts of Europe, and universally preferred.)

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, for the Growth, Preservation, and for Beautifying the Human Hair. Price 6s. 6d. —7s. Family Bottles (equal to four small 10s. 6d. and double that size 21s. per bottle.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, for improving and beautifying the Skin and Complexion. Price 6s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE, for the Teeth and Gums. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

CAUTION.—Spurious compounds are frequently offered for sale under the same names (some under the implied sanction of Royalty); the labels, bills, and advertisements of the original articles are copied, and either a fictitious name, or the word "GENUINE" is used in the place of "ROWLAND'S." It is therefore imperative on purchasers to see that the word "ROWLAND'S" is on the wrapper of each article. For the protection of the public from fraud, and imposition, the Hon. Commissioners have directed the Proprietors' name and address to be engraved on the Government stamp, thus—A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, Hatton Garden, which is affixed on the KALYDOR and ODONTO.

Sold by the Proprietors, and by Chemists and Perfumers. All others are Fraudulent Counterfeits!

Businesses for Sale.

STATIONERY BUSINESS to be DISPOSED OF, in a good situation, at the West-end of the Town, doing a good news trade, and the house letting to clear the rent. The sum for good-will, fixtures, and stock, only 150*l*.

For full particulars apply to Mr. F. Lomax, Auctioneer, 8, Orchard-street, Portman-square.

Miscellaneous.

A LITTLE ADDITION TO COMFORT.

IN WALKING, RIDING, and HUNTING, almost every man who wears drawers is bothered to keep them in the right place. The new **COMPRIMO BRACE** (registered Act 6 & 7 Vict.) supports at once both drawers and trousers. This simple contrivance keeps the drawers well up in their place, which is essential to the well fitting of the trousers and comfort of the wearer. Prices: 2*s*., 2*s*. 6*d*., 3*s*. 6*d*., 4*s*. 6*d*., to 10*s*. 6*d*.. A great variety at the outfitting warehouse of the inventor, **HENRY POWELL**, 102, New Bond-street, where can be seen a large assortment of the new registered Templar Caps, for sleeping, travelling, or soiree, the immense sale of which is the strongest proof of the comfort they afford to the many thousands who have tested them. Night-caps, 1*s*. to 4*s*.; Travelling, 3*s*. 6*d*. to 1*s*. 6*d*.. Either sent to any part of the kingdom for post-office orders, with threepence added to price of each.

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